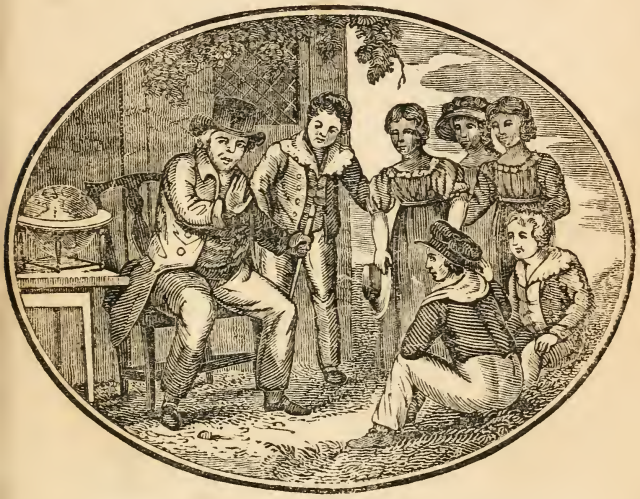
Hawks

THE STORY

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.



ILLUSTRATED BY

TALES, SKETCHES, AND ANECDOTES,

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

By LAMBERT LILLY, Schoolmaster.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LII.

PREFACE.

In this little work, the author has attempted to relate the story of our glorious Revolution, in a simple manner, so that it may be interesting and instructive to children and youth. He has not adopted a very regular method of treating the subject, but has attempted to keep the interest of the pupil constantly alive, by a variety of tales, anec dotes, and sketches, illustrative of the events with which they are connected.

It is remarkable, that very few books of history are read by children, except as a task; while works of fiction are perused with the greatest avidity. Now, if fiction borrows its chief interest from its resemblance to truth, how is this fact to be accounted for? I think it may be explained by two considerations. In the first place, fiction, being the offspring of the imagination, is generally written with a warmth of language which makes the reader realize every part of the story, and

cheats him, against his better knowledge, into the persuasion that the narrative is true. On the contrary, the writing of history is a task calculated to repress all vivacity of feeling; research must take the place of invention, and fancy must act in humble subserviency to facts, dates, and records. Under such circumstances, dullness creeps into the mind of the writer, and is thus imparted to the book.

For these reasons, in most books, fiction wears the aspect of truth, and truth the aspect of fiction. Children are excellent judges of manner, and are very much affected by it. They will listen with much more interest to an indifferent story, happily told, than to a good one stupidly related. They, as well as people of mature age, are more attracted by a novel, or romance, written in a lively and natural style, than by the most important history, if composed in a dull and heavy manner.

A second consideration, which will account for the preference given to tales of fiction, is this:— They are generally much more minute in their details than books of history. The latter tell us of armies, and nations, while the former present to us individuals, and acquaint us with their thoughts and feelings, their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, and thus make us sympathize with them in all the vicissitudes to which they are exposed. It is this minuteness of detail which forms one of

the principal charms in books of fiction; it is the comprehensiveness of books of history, which makes them repulsive to juvenile readers, who are always seeking for amusement.

Such being the views of the writer of the present volume, he has adopted a method in some respects new. If he has occasion to state that a battle occurred, he states it in few words, and then relates anecdotes, individual adventures, and other minute circumstances, calculated to fix the attention of the pupil, to excite his interest, and thus make him realize the whole scene, as if he were himself an actor in it.

By this means, and by adopting a familiar style, the author hopes he has succeeded in imparting to this little work some of the attractive qualities which belong to tales of fiction. Nothing, certainly, is more desirable, than that truth should be the basis of early education; and whoever shall succeed in rendering history interesting and agreeable to youth, will perform a task for which he will deserve the thanks of the age. That the author has fully succeeded in this attempt, he cannot pretend to hope; but, deeply convinced of the importance of the object he has in view, he has made the present experiment, and leaves the result to the decision of the public.

If this volume is favorably received, it will be

followed by a series of works on American history, executed in a similar manner. The subjects proposed are the following:—the Early History of New England; the Early History of the Middle States; the Early History of the Southern States; the History of the Western States; the History of the West Indies; the History of Mexico; the Early History of South America; and the History of Discoveries in America. These volumes, it published, will be abundantly illustrated by engravings, and will appear at intervals of two or three months.

The materials for these works are abundant, and in the highest degree interesting. The design of the author will be to embrace the entire history of the Western Continent in the series, and thus furnish a set of books, which may be put into the hands of youth, as works of amusement, but which will instruct them fully in the history of their own country, and in that also of other countries in the same hemisphere.

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AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I.

About the American War. State and Number of the Colonies before the War. Their History for a few Years. English Laws. English Manufactures sold in America.

The American War, called the War of the Revolution, began in the year 1775, and continued between seven and eight years. It ended in the Independence of the Colonies, as the States were then named. Of course it was a war of great consequence to them, and to the mother country, England; and has had an effect of some kind or other upon most of the nations of the earth. It may be well, therefore, before we begin with the history of it, to give some account of the causes which led to it, and of the state of the Colonies when it commenced. I am afraid these matters will be a little tedious, but you will understand the stories I am going to tell you better, after you have read them.

The Colonies were thirteen in number. Massachusetts, including what is now Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island were together known, as they are now, by the general name of New England. What is now Vermont, was then claimed by New York. The other nine colonies were Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. The number of inhabitants in all, was not much less than three millions.

As the colonists, or their ancestors, came, most of them, from England, spoke the English language, and lived, like every other part of the great British Empire, under the English laws, it may seem singular, at first, that any thing could have taken place to unite the whole American people in a common cause of rebellion, as the English called it,—or of civil war, as they called it themselves. We shall see, however, in the sequel, that, as the British government chose to manage our affairs, and their own affairs, in which we were concerned, it could not well happen otherwise than it did.

Many of the Provinces, or Colonies, were settled between the years 1607 and 1688. At first, the British government did not pay much attention to them; but as they increased in wealth and population, they became objects of deeper interest, and the King and Parliament passed many laws respecting them. These laws, at a very early date

were framed more for the benefit of England than the Colonies. But previous to the year 1760, they were generally submitted to. About that period, the American affairs began to be managed in a more arbitrary manner.

The English thought, as the Americans had become a great people under their protection, in some measure, it would be just, or at least expedient, to derive some profit from them. They began to make laws, therefore, in Parliament, about the time we have just mentioned, to regulate the American trade. They required the colonists to carry to the English, every thing their rich lands might produce beyond their own wants. That is, if they exported any thing, it must be sent to the English. The country abounded with fine pastures, as it does now. A great many sheep were kept by the farmers, and they were glad to dispose of large quantities of wool. All this they were obliged, by the acts or laws of Parliament, to sell to the English alone.

They were required, also, to buy of the English, whatever foreign cloths, or other manufactures they had occasion for. The colonists were not much displeased with these regulations, however. The English merchants, richer than themselves, not only supplied them with their manufactures at moderate prices, but loaned them large sums of money, which the Americans used in building ships, draining marshes, diking rivers, cutting down

forests, and otherwise improving the appearance, and increasing the wealth of the country.

On the whole, it is likely that things might have gone on quietly for a long time, had not the King and Parliament began to think of obliging the Americans to pay new taxes, very different from the old ones. They had been in the habit, as we have seen, of compelling the Americans to furnish them rather than any other nation, with their surplus productions. They also made them buy their manufactures, rather than French, Dutch, or any other. They charged them with duties, or taxes upon these goods, on leaving England, called export duties.

After the long war with the French, which ended in 1763, and during which Canada was conquered from them, the English government found themselves largely in debt. As they wanted great sums of money on this account, they determined that the Colonies, which had become numerous and prosperous, should be made to pay more than formerly. So they concluded to call upon them for further taxes, and to bring them under stricter commercial laws for the future.

Trading ships came from all parts of the world, at this time, to buy and sell various articles on the English and the American coasts; that is, to import or to export goods, or to do both. But, as duties were laid upon most of these articles by the English laws, sea-captains and shrewd traders, and

others, contrived to get large quantities of them aboard the vessels, or ashore, without the knowledge of the custom-house officers, and, therefore, without paying the duties. In other words, they smuggled to a great extent; and the English were determined to put an end to such practices. Parliament made a law, therefore, in 1764, that the commanders of armed vessels, called vessels of war, which were always stationed on the English and American coasts, should undertake to act as revenue-officers; or see that the revenues, or taxes, were paid, as they should be by law. This they proceeded to do; but, being unused to the business, and not liking it, perhaps, very well, and the American people not liking it at all, they succeeded in pleasing nobody, and offended great numbers.

In performing their duty, for instance, they often seized upon vessels coming into American harbors, and searched them, and perhaps sold them for breaking the laws. This, of course, gave offence to many people. There had long been a profitable trade between our Colonies and the British West India Islands, Jamaica, Barbadoes, and others. We furnished them, as they were English subjects, with our lumber, and live stock, and fish, which they paid for at high prices. They furnished us, in return, with their own West Indian productions—sugar, spirits, and other things.

We had carried on some commerce also with the French and Spanish islands, and South American

provinces; and got gold and silver from them, with some other articles. As this trade, however, was not expressly allowed by the English laws, (yet it was not forbidden,) the new revenue-men undertook to seize upon the ships engaged in this business, goods, gold, silver, and all. This made it in a short time a losing trade. The colonists were obliged to give it up, though very unwilling to do so.

It made the matter but little more pleasant, that, in March of the year 1764, Parliament imposed duties on all that remained of this trade, so heavy that nothing more could be done in it, even if the revenue-men gave no trouble. To regulate the thing still further, the duties on whatever West Indian articles were imported into this country, were required to be paid in no other money than specie, 'gold and silver,' which the people could no longer get, as they had done, from the Spanish and French.

From this time, the Americans, some of them at least, began to question the propriety and necessity, of obeying a government three thousand miles over the ocean. They very generally determined, at all events, to purchase as few as possible of the English manufactures, and to make as many and as good as possible for themselves. In Boston, especially, a rich and large town, even then containing more than 10,000 inhabitants, the people were exceedingly dissatisfied with the new

laws. They had bought, and used, and sold again, vast quantities of English goods, but they determined, now, either to do without them, or manufacture similar articles for themselves.

They used no more English gloves, for example; the practice of wearing mourning was given up. In fact, there was near 50,000 dollars' worth less of British merchandise sold in this single city, during the year 1764, than during the year previous. Other towns and other Colonies soon followed this example. The people every where left off the use of English luxuries, and the merchants, finding themselves generally in debt to the English, and having little gold and silver, as we have seen, to pay them, or to purchase more goods with, gave up the trade almost entirely.

This was a loss, of course, to the English traders. The Americans had been in the habit of importing their manufactures, to the amount of more than ten millions of dollars a year; and the English had made a comfortable profit on this trade, without much doubt. This was grievously reduced now, however, by the general agreement of the Americans, to weave their own woollen, cotton, linen, and every thing else, or to go without them: and what was worse for the English government, if not for the English people, the effect of the new laws was to excite a good deal of unpleasant feeling, and spirited discussion. The Americans began to talk in large terms, as they well might,

of their ability to take care of themselves, use their own wool, and make their own hats and jack-knives.

CHAPTER II.

About the Stamp Act, and the Reasons for it. Objections to it. Effects of it in America. What was said and thought of it. Disturbances on account of it in Boston and other Places.

However much the Colonies were dissatisfied with all these heavy duties, and vexatious arrangements of commerce, they had not yet disputed the right of the English Parliament to make them. They did not consider them as taxes, but as mere regulations. About this time, however, the British Ministers proposed in Parliament, (March 10th, 1764,) a law for charging "certain stamp duties (taxes on various kinds of papers required to be *stamped*) in the Colonies and Plantations."

"A large debt had been contracted," said they, "in the course of a war, carried on chiefly to accommodate the Americans, by driving off the French, taking possession of Canada, and killing the Indians on the Western frontiers. Troops must still be kept in America, the British government must protect the people, and why should they not pay a part of those taxes which the English pay in the mother country, especially as

the money will be used, as it always has been, for their benefit? The tax will be small; and as for gold and silver, no doubt, enough will be found. The Americans are well known to be a rich people."

But the Americans thought differently about these things, and began to speak and write as they thought, without much ceremony. "The French war," they said, "was undertaken by the English for their own good, and ought to be at their own cost. As for the future, if they (the Americans,) were powerful and rich, as the English pretended, they could certainly protect themselves against the Indians, and the French were conquered already. They were willing, at all events, to furnish the troops that might be wanted for their own defence."

But the Americans did not care so much what the tax was for, or what, or how much it was, as they did that it was a new thing; and as the American people had no right to send representatives to the English Parliament, where the taxes were voted, they thought it as unjust as it was new. There was, indeed, no knowing where the matter might end. If the English could tax stamped paper, they could, and probably would, tax a thousand other things; if they could lay a small tax, they could lay a heavy one; and, the taxes once paid, they could use the money, of course, as they pleased.

The Americans thought it enough, on the whole, to submit to the regulations of their trade, as I

have described them, and to obey government in every thing else except in regard to taxes. They had paid money enough, and lost enough, in other ways, especially since the English had put a stop to the gold and silver trade at the south. They would continue, in their own Legislatures, to furnish money as a free gift to their own governors, if it was needed; but they would pay no taxes, except such as were voted by their own representatives at home.

The stamp act was not passed in Parliament until March, 1765. Before that time, and while the law was under consideration, all the Colonies protested against it, and most of them sent agents to London to reason with the English Ministers; but in vain. The act passed in the House of Commons, by a vote of 250 members against 50. Dr. Franklin, then in London, wrote, the same evening, to an American gentleman, as follows:—"The sun of liberty is set; the Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy." The gentleman answered, "Be assured we shall light torches of quite another kind." They began to think rather seriously on the subject, it seems.

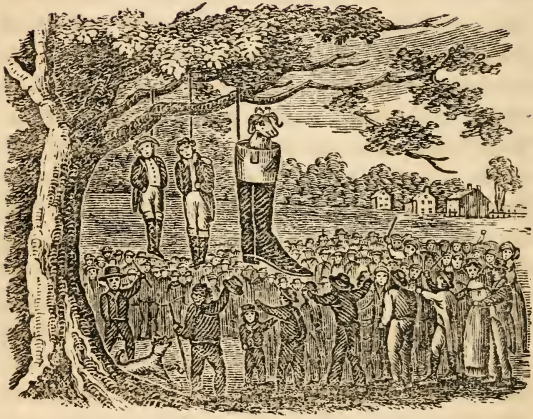
The people of Virginia and Massachusetts were among the first to oppose the stamp act. But the same feeling was soon spread over the whole country. The newspapers were still published on paper not stamped, and these were filled with warm discussions upon this subject. The lawyers

also agreed to use no stamped paper; a great many public officers gave up their commissions, and vast numbers of the people, calling themselves sons of liberty, agreed to oppose the stamp act, and to assist each other, at all hazards.

In Boston, early in the morning of August 14th, two images of men, called effigies, were found hanging on the branch of an old elm, near the southern entrance of the city. One represented a stamp-officer. There was a great jack-boot also, out of which rose a horned head, which seemed to look around. The people collected in crowds from the city and country. About dusk, the images were taken down, placed on a bier, and carried about in solemn procession. The people followed, stamping and shouting, "Liberty and property for ever—no stamps."

They passed through the town-house, down King street, into Kilby street, halted at the house of one Oliver, which they supposed to be meant for a stamp office, and demolished it from top to bottom; they carried off the wood, marched through the streets, with a tremendous noise, to the dwelling of Oliver himself; and there, having gone through the ceremony of chopping off that gentleman's head, in effigy, broke in his windows in an instant.

They then marched up Fort Hill, still following the two figures, jack-boot, horns and all. Here they kindled a bonfire with them, returned to Oliver's house with clubs and staves, and destroyed



Effigies found hanging on an elm tree in Boston.

every part of his gardens, fences and out-houses, in less time than the old gentleman would have taken to count them. Oliver did not tarry to count them, but left a few friends in his house, and fled with all possible speed. His friends offended the multitude, and they broke open the doors, and destroyed all the furniture in the lower story. Mr. Oliver gave notice the next day, that he had concluded not to serve as a stamp-officer. The people went to his house in the evening again, gave him three cheers of encouragement, and left him without further damage to himself, his house, or his effigy.

The people had now another person to attend to. Having heard that Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson had written to England in favor of the stamp duties, they visited his house in great numbers. As he assured them, however, that he had written no such thing, they applauded him with shouts, kindled a bonfire, and went home. August 26th, the disorders began again. Some boys were playing round a fire in King street. The fireward coming to extinguish it, some one whispered him to keep back. The advice was followed by a few blows, and a few kicks, and he was soon persuaded to withdraw.

Meanwhile, a particular whistle was heard from several quarters, followed by cries of, "Sirrah! Sirrah!" A long train of persons then came up, disguised, and armed with clubs and bludgeons. They proceeded to surround the house of one Paxton, harbor-

master. He thought it well to absent himself; but the crowd followed him to a tavern, where he persuaded them not to destroy his house. They broke open the office and house of Story, another crown officer, opposite the court house; burned the files and records in the first, and destroyed the furniture in the other.

They afterwards paid some attentions of the same kind to Mr. Hallowell, collector of the duties, drank up the wine in his cellar, and carried off some hundred dollars of his money. They visited Mr. Hutchinson once more about ten o'clock in the evening, and carried off his plate, pictures, furniture, clothing, manuscripts, and about 3000 dollars in cash. These things show that the mob was excessively violent. The more respectable men were less excited. Some of the ringleaders of these riots were imprisoned, though soon released. The governor offered rewards for the discovery of others: a nightly watch was appointed, and, at a numerous town meeting, the selectmen of the town were desired to use every effort to prevent these disorders for the future.

But the stamp act was received every where in a similar manner. At Newport and Providence, in Rhode Island, vast multitudes got together, and dragged about the effigies of several of the crown officers in carts, with halters on their necks; then they hung them up, and cut them down to be burned Some houses, also, were pillaged. So it was, too,

in Connecticut, at New Haven, Lebanon, and other towns; in New Hampshire, Maryland, New York, and as far south as the Carolinas.

These disorders broke out again when the first English ships reached this country with cargoes of stamped papers. The law was to go into force on the first day of November. On the 5th of October, the ships appeared in sight of Philadelphia, at Gloucester Point. All the vessels in that harbor hoisted their colors half-mast high, as a sign of mourning; the bells were muffled, and tolled for the rest of the day; and several thousand citizens soon collected at the State-house. They sent a message to John Hughes, the principal stamp officer, requesting him to resign the office; and, after a day or two, finding the mob rather troublesome about his house, he concluded to do so.

Some of the stamped paper reached Boston on the 10th of September, and, by the governor's order, was lodged in the castle, to be defended, if necessary, by the artillery. But on the first day of November, at day break, all the bells of the town sounded a funeral knell. Two very large effigies were found hanging on the famous elm-tree we have mentioned before, called 'the tree of liberty.' The streets were filled with crowds of people. At three in the afternoon, the images were carried about the town, then hanged on a gallows, and cut to pieces. Mr. Oliver, who had promised before to have nothing to do with the stamps, was carried to

the 'tree of liberty,' and compelled to promise over again. Almost every body went armed.

At New York, the paper was lodged in Fort George, by order of the lieutenant-governor, on the first of November. The populace, in great crowds, rushed to the citadel. The governor's coach was taken from his stable, and dragged through the city, and an effigy of the lieutenant-governor hung upon a gallows, in the great Square, with a sheet of stamped paper in one hand, and a figure of a demon in the other. This figure and the coach were afterwards carried to the fort, and a great bonfire made of the whole, under the very mouths of the cannon. The governor was at last compelled to give up the stamps, and they were lodged by the people in the City Hall.

The more respectable men at New York, as at other places, were opposed to these proceedings. But most of them favored the American cause in some other way. A new agreement was drawn up, and signed by great numbers in every part of the country. The signers agreed to march to each other's assistance in opposing the stamp law, at any time.

By the middle of November, 1765, not a sheet of the stamped paper was to be seen. It was all either burned or sent back to England. The Massachusetts people, before this time, had proposed a general meeting, or Congress, consisting of Representatives from all the Colonies. This meet-

ing took place on the 7th of October, at New York, and there petitions were drawn up to be sent to the King and Parliament of England. Their object was, to effect a repeal of the stamp law. These petitions also complained of the late law of Parliament, obliging those Americans, who were to be tried for resisting the stamp laws, to be carried to England for trial.

CHAPTER III.

The Stamp Act repealed. Rejoicings in England and America. Other Laws, and the Effects of them. Disturbances. Anecdote of the Boston People.

On the 22d of February, 1766, the stamp act was repealed by Parliament. The king had just appointed new ministers more favorable to America than the old ones. They had heard of the disturbances in the Colonies, and began to be alarmed, lest something worse might happen. Vast numbers of petitions for the repeal had been offered by English merchants and manufacturers, who were suffering very much from the high spirit and resentment of the Colonies. A great number of workmen had nothing to do. The goods lay in the warehouses unsold, and England could no longer get rice indigo, tobacco, oil, furs, potash, and a

great many needful things, as she used to do, from the Colonies.

But the repeal took place, and every body was satisfied. The American merchants in London were delighted. The ships lying there in the Thames, hung out their colors. The houses were lighted up, cannon fired, bonfires kindled, and messengers sent to spread the news, as fast as possible, through all parts of England and America.

The tidings were received in America with the same joy. The Legislatures, or Assemblies, of Massachusetts and Virginia, went so far, even, as to vote thanks to Mr. Pitt, and other English gentlemen, who had done a great deal to obtain the repeal. They resolved to erect a statue of the king, in Virginia. But this feeling lasted but a short space. At the time of voting the repeal, Parliament had also voted "that they had a right to tax America in all cases," as they pleased.

The colonists soon began to be displeased with this. They had disliked the stamp law, not so much because they were too poor to pay a small tax or duty, but because they thought it unjust, and were afraid, if they paid it, that other, and larger ones would be imposed upon them. They saw plainly now, that the English were determined to maintain the right to lay these taxes.

For some years, the whole subject had been discussed and thought about, among the American people, a great deal. They were less and less will-

ing to obey severe laws of any kind, and more and more ready, every year, and every day, to dispute the right of England to tax them as she chose. Hard words passed between the Assembly of Massachusetts, and Mr. Bernard, the governor, whom they thought an enemy to the country, and too strong a friend to the English. They at last voted, however, to pay for the damages the mobs we have spoken of had done.

In New York, where General Gage was expected over from England, with a body of troops, the governor called upon the Assembly to furnish barracks, 'soldiers' houses,' for them, and whatever else might be needed. The Assembly furnished barracks, fire-wood, candles and beds; but not salt, vinegar, cider and beer, according to the English law. After some disputing, however, they furnished the whole.

Notwithstanding these things, all might have gone on quietly for a long time, had not Parliament, in July, 1767, imposed new taxes, to be paid upon all tea, glass and paints, imported from England into America. The money, as they said, should go to pay the salaries of the governors, and other expenses in America; and what was left after that, the English ministers should use as they pleased. In this way, the Americans saw, that the governors, judges, and others, being paid out of their money, but no longer, as before, by their Assemblies, would feel at liberty to act without a regard

to the interests of the people. But they thought it a greater insult than all the rest, that the revenue-men appointed by the king to collect these taxes, were to live among them, in Boston and other places, upon money thus extorted from the American people.

The Americans complained of these laws, but in vain. The Massachusetts Assembly still disputed with Governor Bernard, and this only made them more angry on both sides. He dissolved the Assembly, and refused, for a long time, to call them together again. When he assembled them at last, they were ordered to appear at Cambridge, instead of Boston. The Bostonians had made so much disturbance, that he thought proper to vex them in this manner.

They were not so easily vexed, however. To show they could enjoy themselves *without* his consent, they provided an elegant dinner in Faneuil Hall, on Election Day, and gave notice in the papers, that an ox would be roasted whole on the Common, and afterwards cut up in the market. Some days beforehand, a timber spit was got ready at a block-maker's shop, on Barrett's wharf, and shown to all the school boys. They crowded to see it every day after school, and always went away spreading the news far and wide over the town.

On Tuesday before Election, a fine fat ox was killed, and dressed for the spit, placed in a cart,

covered with lilacs, peonies, and other flowers, followed by a band of music, and paraded through Cornhill, Marlborough street, and Winter street, to the bottom of the Common. Next morning at sunrise, cannon were fired, and a vast crowd of people collected. The boys were almost quarrelling with each other to turn the great spit. The Common was covered with thousands from the country, while at Cambridge not a solitary tent was to be seen, and hardly people enough could be found to cook the governor a dinner.

At one o'clock, the ox, well roasted, was taken upon the spit to the market, placed on a butcher's block, and handsomely carved. A part was carried into the Hall, and the rest served among the crowd. The afternoon was a perfect festival; the Common was covered with sports, and the evening ended with an elegant show of fireworks. The governor came into town after dark, and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

Troops are stationed at Boston. Massachusetts' Convention. Disturbances in Boston. Massacre of March 5th, 1770. Effects of it. Acts of Parliament. Tea sent out. Some of it destroyed, and some sent back. League and Covenant.

The Bostonians, partly by the governor's means, had such a character in England for being trouble-

some, that General Gage was, about this time, 1768, ordered to station a regiment or two of troops among them. A frigate, and four other armed English vessels were kept upon the coast to aid the revenue-men. Meanwhile, as the governor had not yet called together the Assembly, they took the matter into their own hands. Hearing that troops were coming, they agreed to provide themselves with arms, and to invite all the towns in Massachusetts to send delegates to meet at Boston.

Deputies met, accordingly, from 96 out of 97 towns, in September. They could make no good terms, however, with the governor. The day before they left the city, the troops arrived in the harbor. It being apprehended that the people would not suffer them to land, the fleet, fourteen ships in all, sailed slowly into the harbor, and arranged themselves, with their guns pointed, and crews ready for action, so as to command the whole town.

The two regiments landed at one o'clock, and marched into town with great parade. The selectmen were desired to provide quarters, or barracks, for them, but refused to do so. The governor then ordered them to make use of the State-house; and a large guard was placed in front of that building, now called the City Hall, with cannon at the door.

The Bostonians were not used to treatment of

this kind, and were not at all pleased with it. The streets were full of tents and soldiers. Public worship on the Sabbath was disturbed by the noise of drums and fifes ; and the citizens soon began to look upon the troops, as might be supposed, with an evil eye. The same feelings spread to the other Colonies; the people all agreed, more strictly than ever, to have nothing to do with English goods Most of them went so far as to give up the use of tea.

Matters went on worse than ever at Boston. In the spring of 1770, the citizens and the soldiers insulted each other every day. On the 2d of March, as a soldier was going by the shop of one Gray, a rope-maker, he was beaten severely. He ran off, but returned with some of his comrades; and the soldiers and rope-makers fell together by the ears in good earnest. The latter got the worst of it.

The people were now more angry than ever. A great tumult broke out, between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of the 5th of March. The mob, armed with clubs, ran towards King street, crying, "Let us drive out these rascals—they have no business here—drive them out! Drive out the rascals!" Meanwhile it was cried out, that the town had been set on fire. The bells rang; the crowd became greater, and more noisy; they rushed furiously to the custom-house, and, seeing an English guard there, shouted, "Kill him! kill him!"

They attacked him with snow-balls, pieces of ice, and whatever they could find. The sentinel called for the guard; and Captain Preston sent a corporal with a few soldiers to defend him. They marched with their guns loaded, and the captain followed them. They met a crowd of the people, led on by an immense giant of a negro, named Attucks; they brandished their clubs, and pelted the soldiers with snow-balls, abused them with all manner of harsh words, shouted in their faces, surrounded them, and challenged them to fire.

They even rushed upon the points of their bayonets. The soldiers stood like statues, the bells ringing, and the mob pressing upon them. At last, Attucks, with twelve of his men, began to strike upon their muskets with clubs, and cried out to the multitude, "Dont be afraid—they dare not fire—the miserable cowards—kill the rascals—crush them under foot!" Attucks lifted his arm against Captain Preston, and seized upon a bayonet. "They dare not fire!" shouted the mob again. At this instant, the firing began. The negro dropped dead upon the ground. The soldiers fired twice more. Three men were killed, and others were wounded. The mob dispersed, but soon returned to carry off the bodies.

The whole town was now in an uproar. Thousands of men, women and children, rushed through the streets. The sound of drums, and cries of "To arms!" were heard from all quarters. The soldiers

who had fired on the people, were arrested, and the governor, at last, persuaded the multitude to go home quietly. The troops were ordered off to Castle William the next morning. The three slain citizens were buried with great ceremony on the 8th; the shops were all closed, while the bells in Boston, and the towns around, were all tolling.

The bodies were followed to the church-yard, from King street, through the city, by a long file of coaches, and an immense crowd of people on foot. The soldiers were soon after tried. Two were condemned, and imprisoned; six of them were acquitted, much to the honor of the jury, and of John Adams and Josiah Quincy, who pleaded for them. The irritated and unreasonable populace would have torn the soldiers in pieces, if they could have had their way.

In March, the English Parliament concluded to repeal the taxes upon glass and paint, &c., but retained a tax of three pence a pound on tea. This was another mistake, and it did but little good. If Parliament had repealed all, and said no more about taxes, the Americans might still have been satisfied. As it was, they began to buy the goods of the English merchants again, tea alone excepted; this they would have nothing to do with. So matters went on during the year 1771. The officers of the revenue were every where despised. In Boston, one of them undertook to seize upon a vessel for some violation of law. He was seized

upon himself, by the people, for what they thought a violation of law, stripped, carted through the city, besmeared with tar, and plastered over with a coat of feathers, so that he looked more like an ostrich than a man.

In 1772, the English government, intending to put down the rebellious spirit of the Americans, made several new laws, which served only to make them more angry; and they now began to think of doing something for themselves in earnest. Committees were chosen in every part of the country, to attend to public affairs, and to write to each other.

In 1773, large ships, loaded with immense cargoes of tea, were sent out to America by a set of merchants in England, called the East India Company. But the colonists were prepared for them. They managed so well in Philadelphia and New York, that not a man could be found to receive the English tea, or have any thing to do with it. A few chests, which one Captain Chamber had brought to Philadelphia, were let down very quietly to the bottom of the river, by some people, who went slyly on board the ship. In Charleston, it was landed and lodged in cellars so damp, that it was soon spoiled.

The people of Boston took a keen interest in this business. The English factors there, when the tea was first known to be coming, were called upon to give up all concern with it. They made no answer, but withdrew as fast as convenient into the fortress.

Captain Hall soon arrived in port with one hundred chests of tea. The people collected in great fury, ordered him to keep it on board, as he valued his life, and placed a guard, and a strict watch close by the vessel, upon Griffin's wharf.

Two other vessels having arrived, they were obliged to anchor by the side of Hall's ship. A town meeting, meanwhile, was summoned; and the people agreed to call upon the governor, and request him to have the ships sent off. But the governor would do no such thing. A great uproar began. A person in the gallery of the Hall, dressed like an Indian, shouted the cry of war.

The meeting was dissolved in the twinkling of an eye. The multitude rushed to Griffin's wharf. Here were seventeen sea-captains, carpenters, and others, disguised as Indians. It was night, and these persons went on board the three vessels, and, in less than two hours, 340 chests were staved and emptied into the sea. This done, they went quietly home, and the crowd dispersed, well satisfied.

Early in 1774, an account of these disturbances having reached England, the English government determined, by way of punishing the people of Boston, to destroy the trade of that town, by forbidding all manner of goods to be landed there. Accordingly, the Boston Port Bill was passed in Parliament March 14th, and the news was received in Boston May 10th. Like the other laws, this also did more hurt than good. The English might have sent

a very strong force to America, and put down all rebellion; or they might have repealed their unjust laws, and forgiven the Americans for having opposed them. But they did neither of these things.

In a few days after the last bill passed, other laws were made, still more severe. They were opposed in England, to be sure, by some; but a large part, both of the Parliament and people, supposed, if the Americans were punished and frightened pretty well, as they expressed themselves, they would, by and by, be more submissive to the mother country. This was another bad mistake.

Not only the people of Boston, but the whole people of America, north, south, east and west, were more indignant than ever. Town meetings were held, days of fasting appointed, and news of the Port Bill spread over the whole country. An agreement to stop all trade with England, called the "league and covenant," was signed by immense numbers.

Those who refused to sign, were hooted at, as enemies of the country. General Gage, at Boston, issued a proclamation against the league, and declared it treasonable. But these were mere words; and the Bostonians published in return, that the general's proclamation was treason.

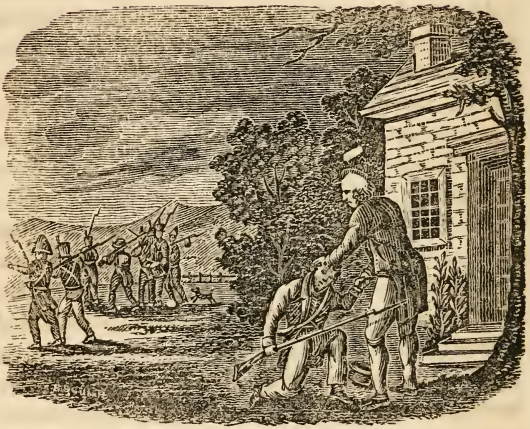
CHAPTER V.

More about the Boston Port Bill. Effect of it. Preparations for War. More Troops sent over. Anecdote of Boston Boys. Disturbances in Massachusetts; in other Colonies. First Congress.

On the first of June, the Port Bill was put in force. At mid-day, all business ceased in the custom-house; no vessel was suffered to enter the harbor. Almost nothing was now done, for the rich had no money to spare, and the poor had no employment. The soldiers paraded the streets in triumph.

But the Bostonians were not forgotten. The country was awake on all sides. The first of June was kept as a fast day, in many places. In Philadelphia, the shops were shut, and the bells tolled. The people of Marblehead and Salem offered the Boston merchants their harbors, wharves and warehouses, free of all cost; and large sums of money, and other articles, collected in all parts of the country, were sent into Boston.

Preparations began to be made for war. People provided themselves with arms, formed companies, and learned, as fast as possible, the business of soldiers. Being, most of them, used to hunting, they were good marksmen, especially with the rifle. In all places, nothing was heard but the noise of drums and fifes. Fathers and sons, young and



The Old Man blessing his Son.

old, became soldiers; and even women and girls set about casting balls, and making cartridges.

Meanwhile, matters went on still worse at Boston. English regiments had come in from Ireland, New York, Halifax, and Quebec. A guard was placed on Boston Neck, as was pretended, to prevent the troops deserting; but, in fact, to prevent the citizens, in town and out of town, from helping each other.

To show how jealous the Boston people were of these soldiers, I will here tell you a story. During the winter before the Port Bill passed, the boys were in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the Common. The English troops beat down these hills, merely to provoke them. The boys complained of the injury, and set about repairing it. However, when they returned from school, they found their snow hills beat down again.

Several of the boys now waited upon the British captain, and informed him of the conduct of his soldiers; but he would have nothing to say to them; and the soldiers were more impudent than ever. At last they called a meeting of the largest boys, and sent them to General Gage, commander-in-chief. He asked why so many children had called upon him. "We come, sir," said the tallest boy, "to demand satisfaction." "What!" said the general, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you to show it here?"

"Nobody sent us, sir," answered the boy, while his cheek reddened, and his eye flashed. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told the captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday, our works were destroyed for a third time; and, sir, we will bear it no longer." The general looked at them with admiration, and said to an officer at his side, "The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe.—You may go, my brave boys; and be assured, if my troops trouble you again, they shall be punished."

At length the signs of coming rebellion were so apparent, that General Gage became alarmed. He therefore began to fortify Roxbury Neck, raising military works upon it, to shelter his soldiers, and prevent the townsmen from passing out, and the countrymen from coming in. The people were not much pleased with this; but they were entirely out of humor, a day or two afterwards, when two companies of English troops were sent out to seize upon the powder in the American magazine at Charlestown. They were greatly excited, and collected together at Cambridge from all quarters.

Soon after, a rumor was sent round among the Boston people, that the English vessels in the harbor had begun to fire upon the town. A terrible

uproar was made about it, and the news spread so fast in the country, that, in a few hours, 30,000 men were marching from the different towns towards Boston. Finding the news not true, however, they returned home quietly.

Matters went on in this way for months. It would be hard to say whether the Bostonians or the soldiers vexed each other the most. Very few crown officers, at all events, were suffered to live in the city. The custom-house men were obliged to go to Salem.

People were acting much in the same manner every where else. They began to see that powder and balls might be wanted by and by, and so determined to save and get them wherever they could. In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they seized upon the English fort, in spite of the soldiers, and carried off every gun and every pound of their powder. The people of Newport, Rhode Island, took forty pieces of cannon in the same way.

As General Gage, the Massachusetts governor, put off calling the Assembly together this season, the people were out of patience with him; and they concluded it should meet at Concord without his consent. Here, measures were taken for arming the whole province, and twelve thousand minute-men were raised to be ready for marching at a moment's notice. John Hancock was chosen president of this Assembly.

As winter came on, General Gage ordered barracks to be built for his soldiers. But, as the carpenters would have nothing to do with him, the work went on slowly. In New York city, it was much the same. The merchants said, "they would furnish nothing for the enemies of their country." The soldiers were encouraged to desert, and the farmers were dissuaded from selling straw, timber, boards, or any thing else to the British, for their troops. If they succeeded in buying these articles, they were often burnt. Vessels, full of bricks for their use, were sunk; and carts, loaded with wood, were overturned.

In September, 1774, the first American Congress, or a collection of deputies from all the Provinces, met at Philadelphia. These were the most respectable men of the whole country, and every thing they did and said had a great effect. Among other things, they approved of the conduct of the Boston people; they made an agreement to buy and use no more English goods, and wrote letters to the English king, and to the people of England and America.

To the king they complained of the injuries done them, and prayed for redress. They also said, that, if the laws were as they should be, and as they were at the peace of 1763, the Americans would be perfectly satisfied. They did not wish to rebel, or provoke a war, if they could help it; but they would not be trampled under foot.

No great attention was paid to all this in England. The ministers and the king thought, that the Americans should be frightened, or forced out of their rebellious feelings. In 1775, therefore, Parliament voted to raise more troops and more seamen. They encouraged the king, George the Third, to go on as he had done; insisted upon maintaining the laws which the Americans complained of; and passed a new law, forbidding them to fish, as they always had done, on the Banks of Newfoundland.

On the 2d of February, a vote passed, declaring the Massachusetts people to be *rebels;* and, as the Americans refused to trade with England, they were forbidden to trade with any other country. But all this only made matters worse than ever. The Americans prepared for fighting.

As there were great quantities of military stores in Boston, it was important to get them into the country. The English guard upon the Neck, therefore, was to be deceived. Cannon and ball were carried out in carts, covered over with manure; powder in the baskets of people who came in to market; and cartridges in candle-boxes.

Men were set to watch at all the magazines in the country, lest the troops should be sent out to seize upon them. General Gage, meanwhile, was not asleep. He sent a part of his soldiers for a few cannon, which he heard were at Salem. On their return without finding the cannon, they were oblig-

ed to cross a draw-bridge between Salem and Danvers.

The people had collected here in great numbers. The bridge was drawn up; the captain ordered it down; they refused, and a hot quarrel began with the soldiers. One Mr. Bernard, a clergyman, persuaded them, at last, to let down the bridge; and the soldiers went on.

CHAPTER VI.

About the Battles of Concord and Lexington. Effect of the News in different Places. Massachusetts Assembly. An Army raised. The American Troops. The English Troops. More Preparations for War.

The first battle of the American Revolution was fought upon the 19th of April, 1775, at Lexington and Concord. Stores had been collected at the last named place, 18 miles from Boston, for the American army, and General Gage determined to destroy them. Wishing to do it without fighting, he sent out 800 grenadiers and light infantry, from Boston, at 11 o'clock in the evening of the 18th, as silently as possible.

It was heard of, however, in the country. By two o'clock in the morning, 130 of the Lexington militia had assembled on the green, at the meet-

ing-house, to oppose them. They were dismissed, but collected again between four and five, at the beat of the drum. By and by, the 800 British troops came marching up the road, Major Pitcairn at their head.

"Disperse, you rebels!" cried the major, addressing the militia; "throw down your arms, and disperse!" They did not disperse, however. He now rode forward, discharged a pistol, brandished his sword, and ordered his soldiers to fire. They did so, and three or four of the Americans were killed. The soldiers shouted, fired again, and then proceeded toward Concord.

At Concord, they disabled two large cannon, threw 500 pounds of ball into wells, and staved about 60 barrels of flour. They fired upon the Concord militia under Major Butterick's command. Two men were killed; a skirmish followed, and the English retreated, as fast as possible, to Lexington. The people were coming upon them, by this time, from all parts of the country. The British were fired upon, on all sides, from the sheds, houses and fences.

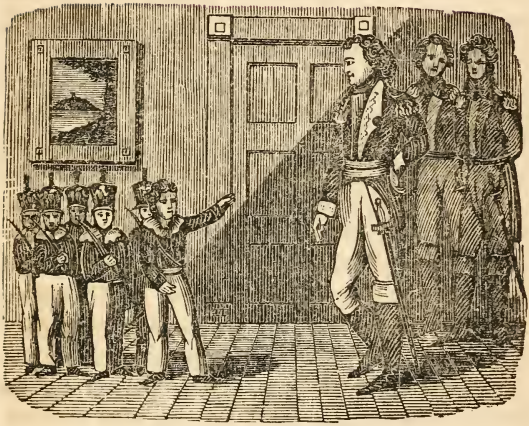
At Lexington, where they halted to rest, they were joined by 900 more troops, sent out from Boston, under Lord Percy. These brought two cannon with them; and the country people were kept back. They still fired upon the troops, however, and, being generally good marksmen, made terrible havoc. The regulars, as the English troops were called, reached Charlestown at sunset, and returned the next day into Boston. Sixty-five of their

number had been killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, and twenty-eight made prisoners.

Of the provincials, fifty were killed, and thirty-eight wounded and missing. There were never more than three or four hundred of the latter fighting at one time, and these fought as they pleased, without order. The regulars were obliged to keep in the main road; but the militia, knowing every inch of the country, flanked them, and fired upon them at all the corners.

The news of this first battle produced a tremendous excitement throughout the country. The dead were buried with great ceremony and pomp. Great bodies of militia marched towards Boston. Agreements were entered into by thousands of people, to defend the Bostonians to the last gasp. The English forts, arsenals, magazines, and public money, were seized upon by the people; and more money was coined, and more troops were raised.

Every body was armed, and ready for battle. When the news of the Lexington battle reached Barnstable, a company of militia started off for Cambridge at once. In the front rank was a young man, the only child of an old farmer. As they came to the old gentleman's house, they halted a moment. The drum and fife ceased. The farmer came out with his gray head bare. "God be with you all," said he; "and you, John, if you must fight, fight like a man, or never let me see you again." The old man gave him his blessing. The poor fel-



Boys of Boston complaining to General Gage.

low brushed a tear from his eye, and the company marched on.

I will tell you one or two more stories, which will make you understand the excitement produced by the battle of Lexington. The news reached a small town in Connecticut, on the morning of the Sabbath. It was nearly time to go to meeting, when the beating of a drum, and the ringing of the bell, attracted the attention of the people.

In expectation that some great event was about to happen, every unusual signal had a startling effect upon the public ear. When the drum and the bell were heard, therefore, the men came running to the meeting-house green, in breathless haste. Soon the clergyman was among them, and they were all told, that some of their countrymen had been shot by the British soldiers, at Lexington. The faces of the men, as they heard it, were pale, but not from fear ; it was immediately resolved, that thirty persons should be equipped, and set out for Boston. Those who could best go, were selected, and went home to make preparations.

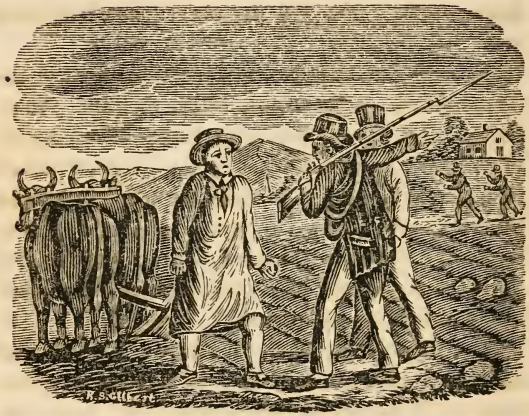
At noon, they had all returned to the little lawn in front of the meeting-house. There was a crowd of people around. There were friends, and acquaintances, and wives, and children. Such as were not well supplied with clothes and equipments, were immediately supplied by their neighbors. Among the crowd, there was one remarkable individual. This was a rich old miser, who was never

known to part with his money, but with extreme reluctance. On the present occasion, his nature seemed changed. He took several of the soldiers apart, whom he supposed likely to be destitute, and put into their hands about thirty dollars in hard cash; at the same time saying, in a low voice, "Shoot the rascals! shoot them! If you come back, perhaps you will pay me; if not, God bless you."

After all the arrangements were made, the soldiers entered the broad aisle of the church. An affecting and fervent prayer was then offered by the clergyman, in behalf of the country, and in behalf of these brave men, that were about to enter upon the dangerous chances of war. After the prayer, he made a short but animated address, encouraging the men to do their duty. He pronounced a blessing, and then they departed.

I shall have occasion to tell you a good deal about General Putnam. He was a brave man, and lived at Brooklyn, in Connecticut. He was a farmer, and was ploughing in the field, when the tidings from Lexington were brought to him. He did not stay even to unharness his cattle; but, leaving the plough in the unfinished furrow, he went to his house, gave some hasty directions respecting his affairs, mounted his horse, and with a rapid pace proceeded to Boston.

The Assembly was, at this time, sitting at Watertown, a few miles from Boston. They sent a letter,



General Putnam hears of the Battle of Lexington.

explaining the whole affair, to the English people. They complained, that the troops had long been insulting the provincials, and had now undertaken to murder them. They begged of the government to interfere, and prevent war; but declared, they would submit to no more tyranny. They called God to witness the justice of their cause, and pledged themselves to defend each other to the last drop of blood.

Letters were sent also to other Colonies. They voted to raise a large army, and, in a short time, 30,000 were assembled about Boston; thousands, who were not needed, were sent home. General Putnam commanded at Cambridge, and General Thomas at Roxbury; all intercourse between the English troops and the country ended at once.

It must be considered, however, that this collection of people was very different from a well-trained army. But they were brave, and heartily devoted to the cause. The country people supplied them with large quantities of vegetables and meat. But they went and came as they pleased. They had few uniforms; their muskets were of all sizes and shapes; they had only sixteen cannon, and half of these were not fit for use; and, though all the men were good marksmen, only a few regiments had been trained enough to appear like regular soldiers.

The same might be said of the militia throughout the country. But they determined to make the best

of themselves, of their heavy old cannon, and rusty muskets; and were in great hopes, that, by a few short battles, the English would be entirely driven from the country. The English, on the other hand, especially in England, had a mean opinion of the American courage. One of their generals promised, if they would give him five or six regiments, he would drive the whole of these cowardly rebels from one end of the continent to the other.

The English troops at Boston talked of the country militia in this way. They had no doubt of their running away like so many sheep, at the first fire, in the first regular battle. "They would soon try them," they said, "and, at all events, would have no more skulking behind fences, barns, and bushes."

The English troops were supplied with every thing necessary for war. Their arsenals were full of cannon, muskets, powder and ball. The English nation, at this time, was the richest on the globe. They had beaten the French and Spaniards, a few years before; they had large armies and navies; and they therefore believed the Americans could no more resist them, than so many children.

But the British troops soon began to feel a little uncomfortable in Boston. The provincials had surrounded them so completely, that no provisions could enter the city. Fresh meat and vegetables were very scarce; and though they had vessels enough, they could get no supplies on the coast of

New England. The people every where had driven their cattle into the back country.

The governor would not suffer the inhabitants of Boston to leave the town. He feared that, if they left, the Americans would fall upon him at once. But he promised them, at last, that, if all their arms should be handed in at Faneuil Hall, or some other place, they should be allowed to go away, and thirty carts should be admitted from the country to carry off their furniture.

About 1800 muskets, and a great many pistols and bayonets, were given up accordingly; and several of the citizens received passports, and left the town. But the governor soon after pretended, that the people had deceived him, in keeping back part of their arms, and he refused any more passports. The poor and sick only were suffered to go. Among these, there were several who were terribly afflicted with the small-pox. The disease spread among the militia about Boston, and the Americans were now more angry than ever, for they suspected this to be a matter of design on the part of General Gage.

While these things were passing, the other Provinces were also preparing for war. The people of New York refused the English troops there all supplies. They armed and trained themselves, seized upon the ammunition in the arsenals, removed the women and children, and determined,

if nothing else would do, to burn the whole of that large and beautiful city.

In New Jersey, at the news of the Lexington battle, the people seized upon the public treasure, and, at Baltimore, upon about 1500 English muskets. Similar steps were taken in South Carolina, where two regiments of infantry, (foot-soldiers,) and one of cavalry, (horsemen,) were raised in a few days.

CHAPTER VII.

Disturbances in Virginia and Connecticut. Expedition to Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The British in Boston. Battle of Bunker Hill.

THERE was, at this time, a great deal of difficulty in Virginia, between the English governor, Dunmore, and the Assembly. He feared the people would seize on the powder of the public magazine at Williamsburgh, and ordered it to be carried on board a vessel called the Jasper, lying at anchor in the river James. The mob crowded about his house; and he began to talk of setting free the negro slaves, and destroying the city. On the whole, it was clear, that both the governor and the people were in a humor for fighting.

They went farther than this in Connecticut. It was there resolved to undertake an expedition to

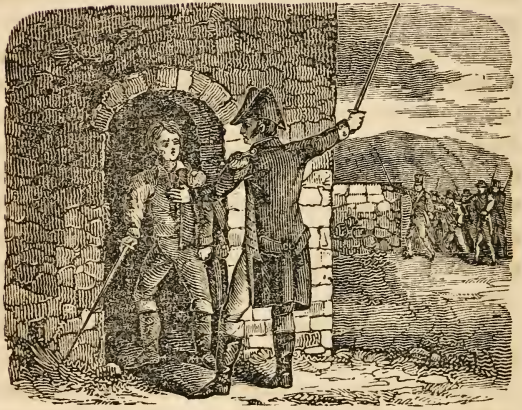
Ticonderoga, a very strong place, on Lake Champlain, near Canada. As this place was full of stores, and stood upon the great route by which every thing and every body passed, between Canada and the Provinces, it was important to conquer it. The Connecticut Assembly voted 1800 dollars for the purpose; and powder, ball, and whatever would be needed for a siege, was provided.

The troops assembled with as little display as possible, at Castletown, on the banks of Wood Creek, on the great road to Ticonderoga. Some of these troops were from Connecticut, some from the Boston army, and some were people from the Green Mountains, in Vermont. These latter were called Green Mountain Boys, and were famous for skill in the use of the rifle.

I will tell you a story about these Green Mountain Boys, which will enable you to understand what sort of people they were.

The captain of one of these companies captured an English officer, a year or two after the time we are speaking of. The Englishman complained to the American captain, that these riflemen gave the regulars a great deal of trouble. "They aim," said he, "at an English officer, as far as they can see his uniform plainly, and shoot him dead. They hardly condescend to kill any thing less than a corporal."

"They can do better still," said the American captain; and he ordered up two of his riflemen. "Is your



Capture of Ticonderoga.

piece in good order?" said he to the first. "Yes, sir," answered the Green Mountaineer. He then stuck a knife in a tree, about fifty paces distant, and ordered the man to split his ball. He fired, and the ball was cut in two pieces on the edge of the knife. The other was ordered to shoot the ace of clubs out of a card; and he did so. The Englishman was amazed. These sharp-shooters had only been four weeks from their ploughs in Vermont.

Well; the leaders of the expedition against Ticonderoga, were Colonel Ethan Allen and Colonel Easton. They were joined at Castletown by Colonel Arnold, from the Boston army. They marched on quietly, and arrived in the night on the bank of the lake, opposite Ticonderoga. They crossed over, and landed on the other side, close by the fortress.

They entered it under the covered way, by daybreak, with a tremendous shout. The soldiers of the garrison were roused, ran out, half dressed, and began firing. A hot scuffle, with gun-breeches and bayonets, hand to hand, ensued. The commander of the fort came at last. Colonel Allen ordered him to surrender. "To whom?" said the officer, in great astonishment. "To the American Congress!" said Allen, in a voice of thunder. The commander saw it was in vain to resist, and so he gave up the fort. Here were found 124 fine brass cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition.

A hundred cannon more were taken by the

Americans at Crown Point, another fort on the same lake, defended by a small garrison. The next plan was to seize upon an English armed vessel, called a corvette, which lay anchored near fort St. John. The Americans soon rigged out a schooner. Arnold commanded it, and sailed with a fair wind for the fort, while Allen followed slowly, with his troops, in some flat boats.

Arnold came upon the corvette, and captured it without the least difficulty. The wind suddenly shifted, and he was far on his way back, with the prize, when he met Allen and the boats. After taking another fort at Skeensborough, the officers and soldiers returned home.

Meanwhile, the English were skirmishing with the provincials at Boston. There were some islands in the harbor, where the English found forage for their horses and cattle. The Americans undertook to carry off these cattle from Noddle's Island and Hog Island, and succeeded, after some fighting. They scoured Pettick's Island and Deer Island, soon after, in the same way. The English were put to a good deal of trouble to get food.

They were finally so much pressed by the American army, that General Gage found himself obliged to make a new effort against them. The provincials had sent 1000 men, under Colonel Prescott, to fortify Bunker's Hill, in Charlestown. Instead of doing so, however, by some mistake, he fortified Breed's Hill, which is nearer the city.

The Americans took possession of it in the evening, and worked so well, that, before morning, they had thrown up a redoubt about eight rods square; and so silently, that the British knew nothing of it till day-break.

The latter, when they discovered the redoubt, began firing upon the people in the fort; but the Americans worked on, till they raised a breast-work, reaching from the east side of the redoubt to the bottom of the hill. As Breed's Hill commands the city, the British saw they must either be driven off, or drive off the provincials. They, therefore, opened a tremendous fire from the batteries and armed vessels, that floated on all the waters about Boston. Showers of bombs and balls were fired. A terrible battery was raised upon Copp's Hill, opposite Breed's; but all in vain.

The Americans worked on, and paid little more regard to the batteries, than if they had been so many jews-harps. They had finished a trench, or ditch, before noon, which reached to the bottom of the hill.

It was now the 17th of June, and on this day was fought the famous battle of Bunker Hill. The British were determined to make a great effort. The provincials lay ready for them on the hill General Putnam, of Connecticut, whom I have before mentioned, commanded the whole force. They had muskets, but few of them bayonets or

rifles. They were sharp-shooters, however, and were brave men as ever breathed.

About noon of a terribly hot day, the whole British camp seemed to be in motion. A vast multitude of sloops and boats started from the Boston shore, covering the water far and wide. The soldiers landed at Moreton's Point, in Charlestown, protected by their batteries behind them. Here they paraded in fine order. They were the flower of the English army, and were commanded by General Howe and General Pigot. But the Americans appeared a little too strong and too cool for them; and they waited for a few more companies to join them.

The Americans took this opportunity to protect themselves still more, by pulling up some post and rail fences, which they set before them, in two rows, and filled the space between with fresh hay, which they gathered from the hill. The British began to march. The militia left to defend Charlestown, retreated. The British entered it, and set fire to the buildings. In a few moments, 500 wooden buildings were in flames. The wind blew high, and the fire streamed up, and roared in the most terrible manner.

Thousands of people were gazing at the scene, from the Boston steeples, and waiting with great anxiety for the fate of the battle. There were multitudes, also, on all the high roofs and hills round

about. Never was there such a bustle and stir. The English marched slowly towards the redoubt, halting now and then, for the cannon to come up and fire. They came, at last, within musket-shot; and the redoubt, which had been as still as the grave, till this moment, blazed all at once, with a tremendous volley.

The British were soon thinned off, and compelled to retreat. Many fled for their lives, and threw themselves into the boats. The green field of battle was covered with dead bodies. The officers ran hither and thither, to rally the troops; and, after some time, persuaded them to march forward again. The Americans waited for them quietly, and received them once more with a flood of balls. The British fled down the hill to the shore.

General Howe was alone upon the field; all his officers being killed and wounded around him. General Clinton, who had been watching the battle from Copp's Hill, now came to his aid with new troops. They made a third effort, with more spirit than before. Clinton led on the whole body; the cannon still firing from the ships and batteries, and the flames and smoke of the burning town sweeping over them like the blast of a furnace.

The powder of the Americans was now exhausted, and they were compelled to draw off. They retired to Prospect Hill, fighting with their muskets as if they were clubs, and there began throw-

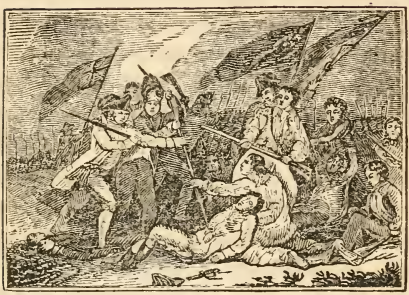
ing up new works. The British entrenched themselves on Bunker Hill, and neither army seemed willing to attack the other. They had had fighting enough for one day. Of 3000 British troops, 1054 were killed or wounded. A large part of these were officers. The sharp-shooters had taken the poor fellows down like so many gray squirrels.

The Americans lost five pieces of cannon. Their killed, of about 1500 engaged in the battle, amounted to 134; their wounded, to 314. General Warren was among the dead. He was a brave man, and was loved and lamented by all classes of people. An English officer, who knew him by sight, saw him in the retreat, rallying the Americans. He borrowed a gun of one of his soldiers, and, taking a fatal aim, shot him in the head, and he fell dead on the spot.

CHAPTER VIII.

Effect of the Battle of Bunker Hill. Captures at Sea. Anecdotes. Proceedings of Congress. American Army. Green Mountaineers. Anecdotes.

The battle of Bunker Hill, as it was called, though fought on Breed's Hill, had no decisive effect; yet it roused the country, showed the Americans that they were able to contend with the regulars, and taught the British, that the provincials



Death of General Warren.

were not exactly the cowards they had taken them for. The capture of Breed's Hill did them more hurt than good. They were obliged to defend it now, and they had not too many men before to defend the town. Their soldiers were also worn out with fatigue, and were much depressed by the hot weather.

The Americans began now to fortify the town of Roxbury. Their works went up very fast, notwithstanding the continual fire of the British cannon. They had plenty of food, too, while the British were near starving. The latter could get nothing on the Boston islands, or along the Massachusetts coast, but by hard fighting; and very little by that. They were at last obliged to let most of the Bostonians pass out of the town. They had not provisions enough to keep them alive.

I will tell you a story of what happened at Gloucester, in Massachusetts, about this time. A British sloop of war, the Falcon, Captain Linzee, one day, "hove in sight," as the sailors say, off that town. She had been in search of two American schooners from the West Indies. One of these, Captain Linzee had just captured, and he now followed the other into Gloucester harbor.

He anchored, and sent two barges, with fifteen men in each, armed with muskets and swivels, and followed by a whale boat, in which was a lieutenant and six privates, with orders to seize the schooner, and bring her off. The Gloucester peo

ple saw what was going on, and brought out their rusty muskets along shore in great numbers. The lieutenant, with the bargemen, boarded the schooner at the cabin windows. The militia, however, began to blaze away at them off shore. Three of the British were killed, and the lieutenant was wounded in the thigh. He soon made off for the Falcon, as fast as his boat would carry him.

Captain Linzee now sent a cutter and the schooner he had taken, with orders to fire on the "saucy rebels," wherever they should see them. He amused himself, meanwhile, by cannonading the town. He fired a broadside into the thickest part of the settlement, to begin with. "Now," said he to the crew, "now, my boys, we'll aim at that dirty old church. Well done! crack away! one shot more! knock 'em down!"

The balls went through the houses in every direction; but not a man, woman or child was injured. Meanwhile, the men of Gloucester had gone out upon the water, and taken possession of both schooners, the cutter, the two barges, the boat, and every man in them all. They had but one killed, and two wounded. The British lost about forty men; and the Falcon went away as fast as she could go.

The Continental Congress met again at Philadelphia, May 7, 1775. They were men sent from all the Colonies but Georgia; and though they had no precise right, by any law, to act for the whole

country, yet the whole country were ready to obey them. They were good and wise men.

They chose George Washington, of Virginia, commander-in-chief of the American army, and appointed many other officers to act under him. Among these were Gates, Lee, Schuyler and Montgomery, of New York; Pomeroy, Heath and Thomas, of Massachusetts; Greene, of Rhode Island; Putnam, Wooster and Spencer, of Connecticut; Ward and Sullivan, of New Hampshire. These were some of the bravest and best men of the country.

General Washington went directly to the army at Cambridge. He arrived there on the 3d of July. Though he used no parade, wearing only a small sword at his side, epaulettes on his shoulders, and a black cockade on his hat, he was easily known, by his fine figure and noble countenance. He was treated every where with the greatest respect.

Having reviewed the army, he found only 14,500 men in a condition for service; these had to defend a line of twelve miles. They were now arranged and trained as well and as fast as possible, no man understanding this business better than General Gates, who was an old soldier, as well as Washington.

They had not 10,000 pounds of powder, at this time, in the army, being only nine charges to a man. Had the enemy known this, and attacked them, they must have fled like a flock of deer.

Great efforts were made, however, and several tons soon arrived from New Jersey.

The provincials had, at this time, no riflemen; though light troops of this kind were exceedingly needed, to bring in recruits, and provisions, and to scour such a wild country as America then was, abounding in rivers, swamps, mountains, and woods. Congress soon raised a few companies in Pennsylvania and Virginia; and 1400 of them arrived at the camp early in August.

These troops had, some of them, marched five or six hundred miles, and were stout and hardy men; many of them were more than six feet tall. They were dressed in white frocks, or rifle shirts, and round hats. They were terrible fellows for sharp-shooting; equal to the Green Mountain Boys, that I have told you about. At a review, a company of them, on a quick march, fired their balls into marks seven inches across, at the distance of 250 yards. They often shot down the British officers, in Boston, like so many wild animals, at more than double the common musket distance.

More powder was procured about this time, from the coast of Africa, in exchange for New England rum. This was managed so shrewdly, that every ounce in the British forts there, was bought up for the American army. The Massachusetts rulers passed a law, also, that no powder should be fired at any beast, bird, or mark; they wished it all to be saved for the war.

Congress took measures for the coining of money, and the raising of troops in all quarters. The people obeyed the directions of Congress with alacrity. Every man, from sixteen years of age to fifty, was a member of some militia company; and one fourth part of the whole, called minute men, were to keep themselves ready for action, at a moment's notice.

Captains were to be paid twenty dollars a month; lieutenants and ensigns, thirteen; corporals and sergeants, eight; and privates, six. No province was more active than Pennsylvania. Companies were raised in all the country towns. Many of the Quakers, even though they did not approve of fighting, were so carried away with the general feeling, as to turn out and train with the rest.

Three large battalions were raised in Philadelphia alone, besides artillery, cavalry, riflemen, pioneers, and others. They often manœuvred in presence of Congress. The whole city was full of the music of drums, fifes and bugles.

Among others, a company was formed of eighty old Germans, who had, most of them, fought a long time before in Europe. They were called the Old Men's Company. Instead of cockades, they wore black crape, to signify their sorrow at taking up arms at such an age. The captain was near a hundred years old, and had been in seventeen battles. He had been a soldier forty years. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest in the

corps was about seventy. In the county of Bristol, a regiment was raised, and they were clothed, armed, and furnished with colors, by the women.

CHAPTER IX.

Treaties with the Indians. Indian Character. Anecdotes. Measures of Congress. About the English Ministers.

About this time, Congress took the necessary steps to keep peace with the Indian tribes. But they never employed them to fight against the English, though the English hired them to fight against the Americans. One objection that the Americans had to employing them was, that the Indian way of fighting was entirely too barbarous and cruel to be suffered among civilized people.

Another was, that they could not be depended on. They were greedy for wages, but so deceitful, that they could not be safely trusted. A story told of a sergeant, who travelled through the woods of New Hampshire, on his way to the American army, will show the character of the Indians.

He had twelve men with him. Their route was far from any settlement; and they were obliged every night to encamp in the woods. The sergeant had seen a good deal of the Indians, and understood them well. Early in the afternoon, one day, as they were marching on, over bogs, swamps

and brooks, under the great maple trees, a body of Indians, more than their own number, rushed out upon a hill in front of them.

They appeared to be pleased at meeting with the sergeant and his men. They considered them, they said, as their best friends. For themselves, they had taken up the hatchet for the Americans, and would scalp and strip those rascally English for them, like so many wild cats. "How do you do, pro?" (meaning brother,) said one; and "How do ye do, pro?" said another; and so they went about, shaking hands with the sergeant and his twelve men.

They went off, at last; and the sergeant, having marched on a mile or two, halted his men, and addressed them. "My brave fellows," said he, "we must use all possible caution, or, before morning, we shall all of us be dead men. You are amazed; but, depend upon me, these Indians have tried to put our suspicion to sleep. You will see more of them by and by."

They concluded, finally, to adopt the following scheme for defence. They encamped for the night near a stream of water, which protected them from behind. A large oak was felled, and a brilliant fire kindled. Each man cut a log of wood about the size of his body, rolled it nicely up in his blanket, placed his hat on the end of it, and laid it before the fire, that the enemy might take it for a man.

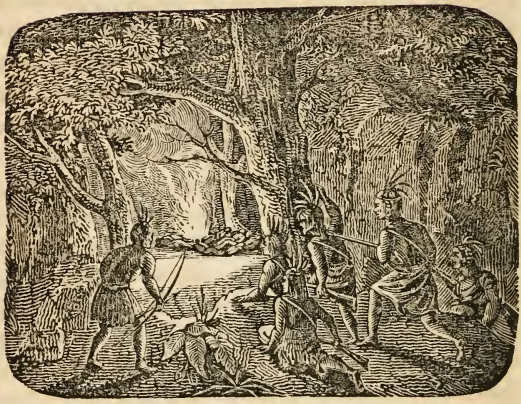
Thirteen logs were fitted out in this way, repre-

senting the sergeant and his twelve men. They then placed themselves, with loaded guns, behind the fallen tree. By this time, it was dark; but the fire was kept burning till midnight. The sergeant knew, that if the savages ever came, they would come now.

A tall Indian was seen, at length, through the glimmering of the fire, which was getting low. He moved cautiously towards them, skulking, as an Indian always does. He seemed to suspect, at first, that a guard might be watching; but, seeing none, he came forward more boldly, rested on his toes, and was seen to move his finger, as he counted the thirteen men, sleeping, as he supposed, by the fire.

He counted them again, and retired. Another came up, and did the same. Then the whole party, sixteen in number, came up, and glared silently at the logs, till they seemed to be satisfied they were fast asleep. Presently they took aim, fired their whole number of guns upon the logs, yelled the horrid war-whoop, and rushed forward to murder and scalp their supposed victims. The sergeant and his men were ready for them. They fired upon them; and not one of the Indians was left to tell the story of that night. The sergeant reached the army in safety.

Treaties having been made with the Indians, Congress recommended, that the 20th day of July, 1775, should be observed, in all the Provinces, as a day of fasting and prayer; and it was so.



Indians going to fire at the logs.

The people were every where disposed to implore Heaven to prevent war, and to soften the hearts of their enemies. In Philadelphia, Congress attended church in a body.

As they were just entering the house of worship, they received news from Georgia, that this Province had at last concluded to join in the common cause, with the other twelve. Until this time, the people there had said and done but little; but they determined now to make amends for lost time.

A Declaration of Rights was soon after written by Congress, and sent over every part of the country. It gave a history of the whole difficulty, from first to last, between England and America; and ended with an account of the burning of Charlestown, the seizure of the provincial vessels by the British, and the hiring of the savages to fight against the Americans.

"We are compelled," said they, "to submit to tyranny, or to take up arms. We have counted the cost of this war, and have determined to be free, as our fathers have been before us, and as we trust our children shall be after us. We declare, before God, that we will defend each other, and the liberties of the whole country, to the last moment of life."

This was signed by John Hancock, president, and by Charles Thompson, secretary, of Congress. The ministers read it from their pulpits in all parts of the nation. It was read in Cambridge, to a

vast multitude, and General Putnam assembled his troops on Prospect Hill to hear it. This was followed by a prayer from a clergyman. All the troops cried, three times, "Amen;" the artillery fired a general salute, and the colors were seen flying, with the usual mottoes; on one side, "An appeal to Heaven," and, on the other, "He who has brought us over will defend us."

A petition was next drawn up to the English king, and addresses were written to the people of England, Ireland, and Canada. Congress were resolved to leave nothing unsaid, or undone, that offered any chance of restoring peace. The Canadians were persuaded to remain neutral, taking no part on either side.

The British general, Carleton, used efforts to make them enlist as soldiers. They were offered two hundred acres of land in any part of America they should choose, at the end of the war. Each married man was to have fifty acres more for his wife, and fifty for each of his children; with a guinea, (about five dollars,) as a bounty, at the time of enlisting.

A few only were persuaded in this way; a good many Indians, however, were hired. They collected at Montreal, in great numbers, in July, 1775. Among the rest were six famous tribes, called the Six Nations. They swore, in the presence of Carleton, to fight for the English king; and thus, soon after, the Indian war began.

CHAPTER X.

About the English Governors. Ravages on the American Coast; and other Matters.

It may seem strange, that, during the disturbances in the various Colonies, little or nothing should have been done, by the English governors, to put down the rebellion. The truth is, they had no troops, and not much money, at their disposal; and, before they could be supplied, the spirit of independence had gone too far to be repressed.

In Virginia, Governor Dunmore, being compelled to leave Williamsburgh, and fearing that it would not be safe for him to remain upon the land, went on board a royal armed vessel. Having collected a fleet, he resolved to harass the Virginians as much as possible, if he could not govern them. He was joined by all the tories, that is, the Americans who favored the English.

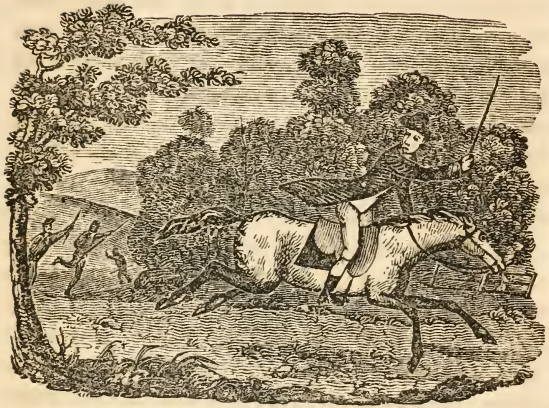
He laid waste the coast, at various places, in the most shocking manner, murdering and burning like a pirate. He burnt Hampton, on the bay of Hampton, among the rest, and undertook to establish his camp there. But the Virginians soon drove him back upon the water. He then declared all the negro slaves to be free, and invited them to join him. A few of them succeeded in doing so.

He landed again at Norfolk, where the tories were numerous; and a battle was fought, a few

miles from that city, at a place called Great Bridge, with a regiment of Virginia militia and minute men. The governor had only 200 regulars about him. The rest was a mere mob, of black, white and gray.

The first attack was made by the British, on the American entrenchment. The battle lasted some time, with a good deal of spirit. At last, the British captain was killed, and the troops fell back upon the bridge. The governor did not like fighting; so, during the battle, he contented himself with looking on at a distance. The negroes loved fighting as little as the governor. They found it by no means pleasant to have their flesh cut to pieces with bullets; so, after a few shots, they ran away as fast as they could. The governor also thought it best to retreat, and, accordingly, he and his men went on board of their vessels.

This affair did not serve to sweeten Governor Dunmore's temper; nor did it put him in a better humor, to find that his friends, the tories at Norfolk, had been handled roughly by the people there, after his retreat with his negro allies. He now returned into the bay, with a ship of war, and sent a message ashore, declaring that, unless the people furnished him provisions, he should batter the town down about their ears. They refused to supply him: so he gave them notice, in the morning, to remove the women and children; and then, with his own sloop of war, the frigate Liverpool, and two corvettes,



Governor Dunmore's flight.

he blazed away upon the place, till scarcely one stone was left upon another. The provincials, to disappoint him of his provisions, burnt the whole country round about. Nothing was left for the governor, and so he went away.

In South Carolina, Governor Campbell arrived at Charleston, from England, about the same time with the news of the Lexington battle. The people were on their guard, and he tried in vain to get the better of them, by inviting the tories to assist him; but the tories were afraid to do so. He began to be frightened a little himself, being a man of less courage than Governor Dunmore; so he said little or nothing for some time.

To unmask him, the American leaders sent privately to him one Adam Macdonald, captain in a militia regiment. He called himself Dick Williams, and offered his services to the governor. The latter was delighted, and told him all his plans. Having heard them attentively, Adam went away, and told the whole to the persons who employed him.

They immediately sent a committee, Macdonald among the number, to wait upon his excellency, and request him to show his royal commission, if he had any, as governor. He declined this proposal. There were some hints then thrown out, about putting him in confinement. These came to his ears, and he retreated, with very little ceremony or delay, to an English corvette, anchored in

the harbor. The Assembly requested him to return; but he refused.

Nothing more was seen of him, or his government, in Charleston. The tories were numerous in other sections of the Province, however, and he mustered them together in great force. The people were alarmed. The militia were ordered out; and the two parties were on the eve of an engagement. But at length the tories were dispersed, and they gave no more trouble at that time.

The provincials in South Carolina continued to be very active. They captured Fort Johnson, on James's Island, in Charleston harbor, and placed batteries on Point Huddrel. The English ships were at last driven off. The next thing with the people was, to send an expedition after an English vessel laden with powder, which was anchored on the bank, called the Bar of St. Augustine, a town on the coast of East Florida. She was taken, and 15,000 pounds of powder were carried to Charleston.

In North Carolina, the Provincial Congress raised 1000 regular militia, and 3000 minute men. The English governor, Martin, disliked the appearance of things, and endeavored to muster a force of the Irish and Scotch part of the inhabitants. He also fortified his own house, at Newbern, with artillery. The people seized upon his cannon; and he fled to a fort upon Cape Fear River.

The provincials marched after him, led on by

Colonel Ashe. He retreated on board a vessel, as the other governors had done. Colonel Ashe burnt the fort to ashes the same night. The Assembly declared the governor a traitor. He answered them in a very long letter, which they ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. A large quantity of ball and powder was found in his cellar and gardens, at Newbern.

In Pennsylvania, the people prepared actively for war. A single mill, near Philadelphia, manufactured five hundred pounds of powder a week. Governor Tryon, after endeavoring a long time to manage the Province, followed the example of the other governors.

In other parts of the country, the enemy was not asleep. One Captain Wallace, commanding an English squadron of small vessels off Rhode Island, was doing all the damage in his power, by ravaging the coast, and making prize of the merchant vessels. His chief object seemed to be, to supply himself and his force with provisions. With this view, he made a furious attack upon the town of Bristol, and fired, from morning till night, upon their houses and churches. He bored them through and through, till, finally, the people supplied him and his squadron with fresh meat, and he sailed away.

About this time, a body of American troops were sent from Massachusetts to Rhode Island, under General Lee. He was a man of great courage, and warm temper. He obliged all the inhabitants,

whom he went to defend, to take the most terrible oaths, to do precisely what Congress should command; and, at all events, to break off all intercourse with the tools of tyranny, "vulgarly called," as the oath said, "the fleets and armies of the king." Congress were not much pleased with this manœuvre. It was well meant, without doubt, but it was very rough, and of no real use.

CHAPTER XI.

Burning of Falmouth. Expedition to Canada. Colonel Allen taken prisoner. Events in Canada.

On the 18th of October, 1775, Falmouth, now Portland, in Maine, was bombarded by Captain Moet, of the ship Canceaux, of 16 guns. The whole town was consumed. He had formerly received some affront in the place, and revenged himself in this way. He sent the people word at night, that he should destroy the town in the morning; they removed their furniture, and he went to work early the next day with his cannon. The town had been twice sacked by the Indians, but never suffered so severely before.

The most important affair of this year, was an expedition to Canada. The provincials had done so well upon Lake Champlain, that the scheme of another expedition in the same quarter was much

approved of. Congress hoped that, if Canada was invaded at once, many of the inhabitants would join the Americans.

Three thousand men, commanded by Generals Montgomery, Wooster and Schuyler, were fitted out. Boats were built for them on the lake, at Crown Point, and the sum of 50,000 dollars was collected, to pay the expenses. Governor Carleton, of Canada, entrenched himself, with a strong force, at the entrance of the river Sorel, which leads out of the lake, and which the Americans would be obliged to pass.

The latter took possession of an island in the lake, at the mouth of the river, and, from that place, planned an attack on Fort St. John, where the governor was. This fort stood on the left bank of the Sorel, and commanded the passage to Canada. The Americans moved on, without cannon, to a swamp within a mile and a half of the fort. They defeated a body of Indians, who attacked them in crossing a small river, waited for reinforcements, and laid siege to the fort.

Farther north, on the Sorel, was a small fort, called Chambly. The English had no idea of the provincials passing St. John to fall upon Chambly; but they did so; took the garrison prisoners; obtained 124 barrels of powder for the siege of St. John, and sent the colors they had captured to Congress. Other detachments scoured the country between the Sorel and the St. Lawrence; the Cana-

dians supplying them every where with arms and provisions.

Just at this time, Colonel Allen and Major Brown undertook an expedition against the city of Montreal, which stands on an island in the St. Lawrence. Allen found boats ready for him at Longueville, and crossed the river in the night, below Montreal. Here Brown was to have joined him with his troops, but missed his way, and Allen was left, with a small force, in the neighborhood of the city.

It was just sunrise. The murmur of the city was heard at a few miles' distance, and by and by the roll of the English drums came upon the ear. The Americans now saw that they were discovered. Before long, a column of British infantry came marching down the bank of the river. There was an almost breathless silence in Allen's small band as they came up. Even Allen himself stood fast and gazed at them.

"To the boats! to the boats!" cried a dozen of his soldiers; "there's a thousand of them." "Silence! every man of ye!" roared Allen, brandishing a huge horse-pistol. "The first man that turns his back upon the red coats, shall smell gunpowder." They were satisfied with this arrangement, on the whole, examined their rifles, and stood ready for the onset.

"Stand your ground, boys!" shouted Allen. A party of British soldiers was moving towards them

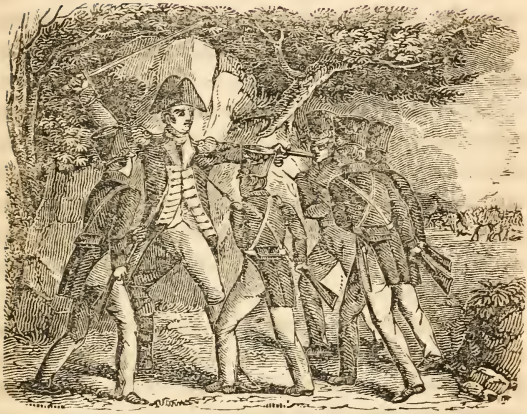
from the main body, at double quick time. "Let them come!" cried a tall, fine looking hunter at his side; "let them come!" He brought his rifle to his eye, as he spoke.

"Fire!" shouted the British officer, and instantly the hunter dropped dead at the feet of Allen His hardy followers shrunk back. They were sprinkled with the blood of the poor hunter "Fire! fire!" shouted Allen, with a voice of thunder They fired, and a hot skirmish commenced. Several of the English fell, and several of the Americans: others fled. Some defended themselves behind rocks and trees. Allen was at last left alone, surrounded, and compelled to surrender. He brushed a few tears away for the fate of his friend, the young hunter, and marched on with the English.

He was kept a prisoner more than two years, and then was exchanged for some English officer, whom the Americans had taken. The irons put upon him were so fastened about him, and so heavy, that, for a long time, he could lie down only on his back. A chest was his seat by day, and his bed by night.

He was sent to England, to be tried as a prisoner of state, not as a fair and open enemy, but as a rebel. At this time, all the Americans were called rebels, and the English used to speak of hanging great numbers of them, when the war was over.

Allen was a man of very large frame, and pro-



Capture of Allen.

digious strength. He possessed great courage, and was much inclined to daring enterprise. His reputation, it seems, had gone before him to England; and he was, therefore, kept in very close confinement. The people were as much afraid of him, as if he had been a whale, or a sea-serpent. They sometimes used to come and see him in his prison; but they were very shy, and, if he so much as turned round, they would run away like a flock of startled sheep.

My readers will recollect, that we left the Americans besieging Fort St. John, on the left bank of the river Sorel. They continued the siege, while the expeditions were going on against Fort Chambly, and against Montreal, as I have described them. After the capture of Allen, however, Governor Carleton, who had gone to Montreal, collected about eight hundred Canadians, Indians, and English regulars, and started off from that place, intending to raise the siege of St. John, and compel the Americans to abandon it.

But the Americans were always on the watch. They thought it probable, that the governor would set out about this time, and were ready for him. He embarked his 800 men in a large number of boats, and undertook to cross the St. Lawrence, precisely where Allen had crossed it, at Longueville.

But Colonel Warner, with three hundred of the Green Mountain sharp-shooters, and a few cannon,

lay among the bushes, on the river bank, as the governor's boats came over. The Americans waited quietly till they were fairly within reach, and then poured out upon them a tremendous volley of grape-shot. The governor's party retreated in great haste, with some loss of lives; and nothing more was seen of them.

News of this defeat soon came to Major Preston, the British commander of the besieged fort of St. John. He began to think it a desperate case with him, and so concluded to surrender to the American general, Montgomery. This he did on the 3d of November, 1775. He had held out like a brave man, the siege having lasted six weeks.

The Americans found in this fort seventeen brass cannon, twenty-two iron ones, and a large quantity of balls and bombs. The powder had been used to the last kernel, and the provisions to the last morsel. The capture was an important one. St. John, standing on the Sorel, which leads from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, commanded the passage to and from Canada; and was, therefore, called the Key of Canada

CHAPTER XII.

Battles in Canada. Success of the Americans. Another Expedition to Canada. Hardships suffered by the Soldiers.

The next movement of the Americans was, to take possession of the mouth of the Sorel, where it empties into the St. Lawrence. The point of land which is formed by the meeting of the two rivers, was fortified with batteries, which swept the river in such a manner, that no English vessel could pass, without being bored through and through. As the St. Lawrence is wide here, the Americans provided a fleet of boats and floating batteries, to guard the other side, and thus completely stopped the passage up and down that river.

Just at this time, Governor Carleton had left Montreal, which stands farther up the St. Lawrence from the sea, with a fleet of English ships under his command, and without having heard of these fortifications. What added to the difficulty of his situation, was, that, the very day after he left Montreal, another body of Americans, under Montgomery himself, appeared under the walls of that city, and called upon the people to surrender.

This detachment had marched across the country from Fort St. John. The land is flat and marshy, and their journey had been slow and difficult. It gave them great satisfaction to have reached Mon-

treal just as the governor had gone off with his force. The city, having no defence, was compelled to surrender. General Montgomery treated the people so handsomely, that they supplied him with a large quantity of clothes for his troops.

These were very much needed. It was now the middle of November, and they were weary of a long, cold march. Some of the soldiers, during this severe journey, would have gone back to their snug homes in Vermont and the other Provinces; but General Montgomery divided the clothes among them, and encouraged them to proceed.

Governor Carleton was now unpleasantly situated on the river, with Montreal, in the possession of Montgomery, above him, and the fortifications at the mouth of the Sorel below. If he could have been taken, all Canada would have been easily conquered; but he contrived, one dark night, to pass through among the floating batteries, in a small boat, with the oars muffled. Thus he escaped safely to a town on the northern bank, called Trois Rivieres; and from that place he went to Quebec.

The English fleet, which the governor had left behind, surrendered to the Americans, in a day or two, with a large number of soldiers and officers aboard. General Montgomery left garrisons in Montreal, and Forts Chambly and St. John, on the Sorel, to keep the Indians in awe, and marched

on to Quebec, with a small force of three hundred men.

While these things were going forward, General Washington, in his camp at Cambridge, had conceived the plan of sending an expedition against Quebec, by way of a rough, wild route, known only to the backwoodsmen and hunters. This was through the District of Maine.

He selected Colonel Arnold to command the expedition; a rash but brave man, who had assisted, as we have seen, in the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Fourteen companies were put under his command; three of riflemen, and one of artillery, under Captain Lamb, being among the number. In all, there were about eleven hundred men. A few others joined them, of their own accord; and among these volunteers was Aaron Burr, afterwards vice-president. He was then 20 years of age.

Maine is crossed, from north to south, as a map will show, by the river Kennebec, rising in the mountains between Maine and Canada, and empty ing into the Atlantic Ocean, not far from Casco Bay, near a town now called Bath. On the other side of the same mountains, and close, therefore, by the small upper streams of the Kennebec, another river rises, called the Chaudiere. This empties into the St. Lawrence, nearly opposite Quebec.

In crossing these mountains, between the sources of the two rivers, on the two sides, it is necessary to pass very steep and wild places, over marshes and torrents. No human being dwelt there then, and nobody lives there to this day. Such was the route Arnold and his brave soldiers were to travel.

He left Boston in September, 1775, and arrived at Newburyport, near the mouth of the Merrimac. The vessels that waited for him here, conveyed him and his men to the mouth of the Kennebec. With a fresh south wind, they sailed up the river fifty miles, to a town called Gardiner. Here were two hundred batteaux, ready for them. These were long, light, flat boats, much used by the Canadians, hunters and others, in shoal waters.

Having laden these with his arms and provisions, Arnold proceeded up the river to Fort Wester, on the right bank. Here he divided his corps into three detachments. The riflemen, under Captain Morgan, moved on forward, as a vanguard, to explore the country; to sound the fords, that is, ascertain where the river might be crossed easily; and to look out for the portages. These are places where the river ceases to be navigable, on account of shoals, falls, or rocks. The lading of the boats must, therefore, be carried forward upon the banks, by hand, or by beasts of burden. The batteaux are then carried on, also, till the river becomes deeper and smoother.

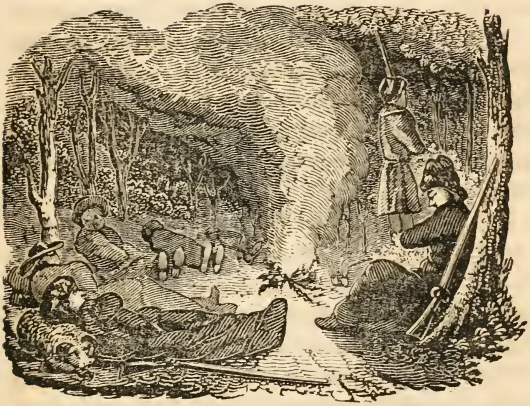
Arnold's second detachment marched the next

day after the first; and the third detachment the day after that. The current of the river was rapid, the bottom rocky, and often interrupted by falls. Every hour, the water entered some of the batteaux, and damaged the provisions and arms. At every portage,—and these occurred very often,—the boats were to be unladen, and carried on the shoulders of the troops.

In places where the river was rapid, yet free of rocks, the batteaux were hauled up slowly by soldiers on the banks, who dragged them along with ropes. The army, however, advanced, and at length they had wild mountains to cross, steep precipices to climb, vast shady forests to pass under, and quagmires to wade through. They had also deep valleys to traverse, where the pine trees were tossing over their heads in the stormy wind, and where the river was rushing and foaming over the rocks, with a noise like the ocean.

They were sometimes a whole day in travelling four or five miles, with their baggage laced on their backs, and axes in their hands to hew a road through the wilderness. Some of the men died at last with weariness; many others fell sick, and all of them were at length sorely pressed for food.

Many a young soldier, as he lay down at night, hungry and tired, on his pillow of green boughs, thought of the warm bright fireside, where a mother was weeping for him. But these thoughts were



Soldiers resting at Night

vain. They rose in the morning, and pressed on patiently, brave men as they were.

By the time they had reached the source of Dead River, a branch of the Kennebec, their provisions were almost exhausted. The soldiers were living, or rather starving, now, upon the poor lean dogs they had taken with them, and even this food was a luxury. At this place, Colonel Enos received orders from Arnold to send back the sick to Boston. He took the opportunity to return himself, with his whole detachment. He was afterwards tried for this desertion, by a court-martial, and acquitted, for the reason that the men must otherwise have starved.

But Colonel Arnold marched on. For thirty-two days, not a single human dwelling was met with. The army arrived at last upon the mountains, between the Kennebec and the Chaudiere. The little food still left was divided equally, and then the troops were directed to look out as they could for their own living. They discovered, finally, with inconceivable joy, the sources of the Chaudiere, and the first log-houses of the Canadians.

These people received them well, and assisted them. Arnold addressed a proclamation to the Canadians, waited for his rear guard to overtake him, pressed on, and arrived, November 9th, at Point Levy, nearly opposite Quebec. The people of the city were as much amazed at the sight of him and his men, as if they had been so many goblins.

The English colonel, Maclean, had heard of their coming, however, by a letter, which Arnold had given to an Indian on the Kennebec, to carry to General Schuyler. The Indian gave it to Maclean, and the latter removed all his batteaux from the Point Levy side of the river, to the other bank. The wind blew a gale too; and so the city had time to prepare for defence.

CHAPTER XIII.

Attack on Quebec; Defeat; Retreat. Boston Army. Cannon. Distress for Food. Naval Actions. Anecdotes.

All the people of Quebec were immediately armed, and brought within the walls—soldiers or not soldiers, English, French, Scotch and Irish, regulars and marines. These last are soldiers who fight on board vessels of war. The wind moderated, and Arnold undertook to pass the river on the night of November 13th. The same day, Montgomery had taken Montreal.

One hundred and fifty men remained to make ladders for scaling the city walls. The rest succeeded in crossing the river. The banks being very steep here, Arnold and his men marched down upon the edge of the river towards Quebec, and climbed the Heights of Abraham, close

by the city, and almost overlooking it. Here he waited for his 150 ladder men, and hoped that the city would surrender.

They were prepared for him, however; and Maclean not only refused to receive the message requiring him to surrender, but fired upon the bearer of it. Arnold had no cannon, and only six charges of powder to each man. Hearing, therefore, that Maclean was about to sally out upon him, he retired twenty miles up the river, to Point au Tremble. He met, on his march, the ship in which Governor Carleton was sailing down to Quebec; and heard, when he reached the point, that he had left it but a few hours before.

General Montgomery arrived here, and joined Arnold, on the 1st of December, 1775, after a weary march from Montreal. The weather was excessively cold, and the roads were blocked up with snow. His force was about three hundred men; and never were people more delighted to see each other, than were these three hundred, and the little band of brave fellows, who had followed Arnold. Montgomery had brought clothing for the latter; and they stood in great need of it, indeed.

The soldiers now marched in company, and arrived in sight of Quebec on the 5th. A summons was sent to Carleton to surrender; but he ordered his troops to fire upon the bearer. Montgomery then planted a battery of six cannon within 700 paces of the walls They were laid upon banks

of snow and ice; the pieces were small; and the fire had little effect. The snow had now fallen in huge drifts, and the weather was excessively cold. A council of war was called. By this, I mean that the officers came together, and considered what was to be done. An immediate assault on the city was resolved upon.

Two detachments, under Montgomery and Arnold, were to attack the walls of the lower part of the town. This taken, the rest would probably submit without fighting. On the last day of the year 1775, between four and five in the morning, in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, the American columns advanced.

An Irish captain, going his rounds upon the walls of the town, observed the guns fired by the Americans as a signal, and at once caused the drums to beat, and roused the garrison to arms. Montgomery, with his detachment, passing along under Cape Diamond, came to a small battery of cannon. The guard threw down their arms, and fled. The Americans had nearly taken possession of it, but the road was impeded with immense masses of snow. Montgomery, with his own hands, opened a path for his troops.

Two hundred of them came up at last, and rushed on. Just then, a cannonier, who had fled, on seeing the Americans halt, returned to his post, at the little battery, and, taking a match, which happened to be still burning, fired a cannon

charged with grape-shot. The Americans were within forty paces. Montgomery dropped dead upon the spot, and his troops soon fled.

Arnold had made an assault, meanwhile, at another point. But he soon received a musket ball in the leg, which splintered the bone; and he was carried off to the hospital, almost by force, as he was unwilling to quit the field. Captain Morgan, with two companies of riflemen, now advanced upon the battery. His sharp-shooters killed many of the English through the embrasures. The guard fled. Morgan rushed forward, and some prisoners were taken. But here the courage of his troops failed them. Morgan alone stood firm. As the morning dawned, he rallied his riflemen with a voice of thunder, and they rushed forward. A detachment sallied out upon them, at this moment, from the walls; and the English captain summoned them to lay down their arms.

Morgan aimed a musket at him, and shot him dead. The English retreated; a hot skirmish ensued. Some ladders were planted against the walls, but a terrible fire was poured down upon the men who attempted to ascend them. A detachment of the British now assaulted the Americans on another side, and they were compelled, at last, to surrender.

Arnold, with his remaining force, retreated three miles from the city, and entrenched himself. His subsequent operations I shall notice by and by. Governor Carleton kept within the walls of Que-

bec, satisfied with waiting till reinforcements should reach him from England, in the spring. So ended the famous assault upon Quebec.

A braver man than Montgomery never fell on a field of battle. The whole country wept for his loss. Even the Canadians lamented him, and Carleton buried his body with all the honors of war. Colonel Barre, and Fox, and Burke, the great orators of England, pronounced his praises in the English Parliament. Congress ordered a monument to be procured from France, and erected to his memory.

Having given some account of the most important events of the year 1775, the first of the war, we come now to 1776. In the winter and spring of this year, Boston was still surrounded by the American army under Washington. The British in the town, meanwhile, were reduced to great extremity. For fuel, they used the timber of houses, which they pulled down for the purpose.

They were in want of food, and some armed ships were ordered to Georgia, to buy up rice; but the people of that Province opposed them with so much success, that, of eleven vessels, only two got off with their cargoes.

The Old South Church, in Washington street, was entirely destroyed inside, and used as a riding-room for a regiment of dragoons. The pulpit and pews were taken out, and the floor covered with earth. The frame-work of one pew, carving, silk-

furniture, and all, was taken out, and used for a pig-sty. The North Church, so called, was entirely demolished.

All this time, notwithstanding there was much suffering in the town, the English officers and the tories contrived to pass the time, when they were not fighting the Americans, in dancing, and other amusements. They had a small theatre, and, in the evening of February 8th, were acting a farce called "The Blockade of Boston." One figure, meant to ridicule Washington, was rigged out in the most uncouth style, with a large wig, and a long rusty sword.

Another character was an American sergeant, in his country dress, with an old gun on his shoulder, eight feet long. At the moment this figure appeared, one of the British sergeants came running on the stage, and cried out, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker Hill." The audience took it for a part of the play; but General Howe knew it was no joke, and called out, "Officers, to your alarm-posts!" There was some shrieking and fainting among the ladies, of course.

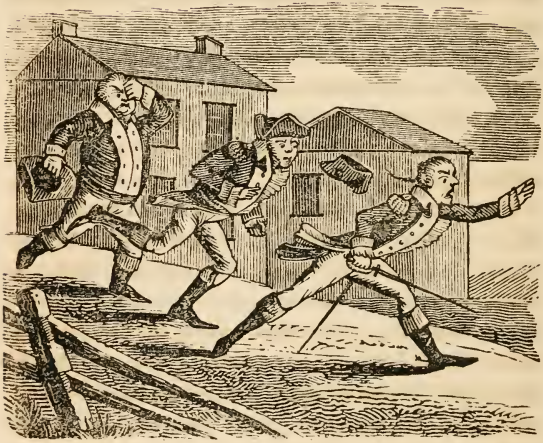
The American army, at this time about Boston, was but little better provided for than the English. Many fell sick with fatigue and exposure. They had provisions enough from the country, to be sure, while the English troops were said to be living wholly on salt meat, and the Boston tories upon horse-flesh. But the whole number, in January, was

reduced to less than ten thousand; and these, having enlisted for a few months only, were every day going home.

At one time, there were hardly men enough to man the lines. As for powder, they had but four rounds to a man; and but four small brass cannon, and a few old iron pieces, full of holes, with the wood-work broken off. They were fitted into logs, like the barrel of a gun into the stock, and lifted up and down, and wheeled about in this way, but to some good purpose. The British laughed at these machines, at first, but they soon found them no laughing matter.

They kept up a continual cannonade, in return; firing about two thousand shot and bomb-shells, it is said, in the course of a few months. But the whole of this firing killed only twelve Americans. It was about this time, that a party of the English officers, walking on Beacon Hill, in the course of the season, in the evening, were frightened by terrible noises in the air. They ran down the hill with the greatest despatch. It seems that they mistook the buzzing of a few beetles and bugs, for the whizzing of "air-guns." They suspected that the cunning Yankees had contrived some queer machines for killing them, without the noise of gunpowder. This is not a very important story; but I am glad to find something amusing to tell you, amid so many tales of battles and bloodshed.

I will now tell you another story; it relates to



British Officers frightened by Bugs.

what happened in Boston, a little before the time of which I have been speaking.

It seems there were two cannon kept in a gun-house opposite the Mall, at the corner of West street, in the care of one Paddock. The British found it out, and Paddock promised to deliver them up. A party of school boys undertook to prevent him from doing it.

The school-house was the next building to the gun-house, separated only by a yard, common to both, and surrounded by a high fence. The boys contrived to enter the gun-house windows, in the rear, in spite of an English guard, which had been placed before the building. The guns were taken off their carriages, carried into the school-room, and placed in a large box under the master's desk, in which wood was kept.

The English soon missed the guns, and began to search the yard. They then entered the school-house, and examined it all over, excepting the box, which the master placed his lame foot upon. They were too polite to disturb him, and excused him from rising. The boys looked on, but lisped not a word. The guns remained in the box for a fort-night, when one of the largest boys carried them away in a trunk, one evening, on a wheel-barrow. A blacksmith at the south end, kept them some time under a pile of coal; and they were at last put into a boat at night, and conveyed safely to the American camp.

I have told you of the miserable condition of the American army in the early part of the year 1776. They soon after received five brass cannon, small arms of all kinds, cargoes of provisions, &c. These were all captured from the British, off the coast, by American privateers. Privateers are armed vessels, fitted out by private ndividuals.

CHAPTER XIV.

About the King and the Parliament of England. Boston Siege. Dorchester Heights fortified. Howe leaves Boston. Americans enter it. Anecdotes.

In England, the year 1776 opened with new resolutions, on the part of the ministry, and the majority of Parliament, to continue the war. The party called the whigs, were violently opposed to it; but the tories, the ministry, and king, regarded the Americans as rebels, and resolved to spare no pains to punish them severely.

They found it difficult to enlist soldiers in England, for the war was unpopular with the lower classes. Recruiting officers were sent about, the royal standard was raised in all the cities, and large bounties and wages were promised; but to little purpose. In Scotland, some thousands were raised; and a bargain was made with some of the

small states of Germany, for about seventeen thousand German troops. These were called Hessians, because a part of them came from Hesse.

In the meantime, the American army at Boston began to form plans for seizing upon the town, for taking the British garrison prisoners, and for destroying their fleet in the harbor. But they kept quietly in their quarters till March, 1776; the British now and then sallying out on the American lines; and the latter returning the compliment, by playing upon the town with their rusty cannon.

During this month, the news came of the doings of the ministry in England, and of the king's violent speech, at the close of the session of Parliament. The whole American army was greatly excited. The speech was publicly burnt in the camp. At the same time, the red ground of the American flag was changed, and, in place of it, thirteen blue and white stripes were inserted, as an emblem of the thirteen Colonies, that were united in the struggle for liberty. These stripes are still retained in our national flag.

There was something of the same feeling in Congress as in the army. Stimulated by the conduct of the king and Parliament, they resolved, from this time, to follow up the war, at all hazards. Hearing that an attack would be made upon New York, they urged General Washington to press, as closely as possible, the siege of Boston, so that the

British might not be able to spare troops to send against New York. He wished to attack the town at once, but most of his generals opposed this plan; and he concluded to fortify the heights of Dorchester, which command the entire city on the south side.

Heavy batteries were opened from the American works in Cambridge, Roxbury and Lechmere Point. The bombs fell into the town every hour, and houses were constantly set on fire by them. All this was to employ the British upon that side, while the Americans, on the night of the 4th of March, secretly marched over Dorchester Neck.

The frost rendered the roads good, and such was the silence of the march, and the tremendous roar kept up by the batteries, that two thousand troops passed over, with three hundred loaded carts, and nothing was known of it till morning. Had the British suspected this manœuvre, they would have taken measures to prevent it. By four o'clock in the morning, two fortifications were raised upon the two heights.

The British were amazed. "These rebels have done more in one night," said General Howe, who now commanded, "than my army would have done in a week." A terrible cannonade now opened from the British forts, and the shipping, upon the American fortifications on Dorchester Heights. But few men, however, were killed; and the

Americans worked on in high spirits, taking no notice of the cannon-balls, as they came, ploughing the ground about them.

General Howe saw that he must either leave the town, or dislodge the Americans from the heights. He resolved upon the latter; but a long storm, and a very high sea, prevented his troops from crossing over. He finally concluded to give up the town, and transport his whole force to Halifax, in Nova Scotia.

Knowing that his shipping might be prevented from passing out of the harbor, by the American fortifications, he prepared a great mass of stuff for setting fire to the town, and then proposed to Washington and the selectmen, that if his troops were suffered to pass safely, the town should be left standing. This was agreed to.

He had one hundred and fifty carrying vessels, called transports, in the harbor; and he embarked on board these, on the 17th of March, taking with him fifteen hundred of the American tories. Never was such a scene of confusion, plunder, hurrying, crying and quarrelling; there were fathers bearing their baggage, mothers leading their children, beasts of burden loaded with furniture. The vessels were crowded. The British were some days getting out of the bay; and had the pleasure, meanwhile, of seeing the American army marched into Boston, with great rejoicing.

The siege had lasted sixteen months. Provisions

had become so scarce, that fresh fish sold at a shilling a pound; geese at nine shillings apiece; a turkey at two dollars; hams at two shillings a pound; sheep at six dollars each; and apples at six dollars a barrel. Two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon were left behind; also a quantity of wheat and other grain, a good deal of coal for fuel, and one hundred and fifty horses.

CHAPTER XV.

Feelings in England and America. Further Proceedings in Canada. Battle on Lake Champlain. Attack on Charleston.

The English soldiers now began to think that the Americans were an enemy worth conquering, and that powder was not absolutely wasted upon them, as upon so many crows. They were provoked by the treatment they had received from the sharp-shooters at Breed's Hill, and the rough compliments of the old cannon.

The Americans, on the other side, now entered upon the war with their whole hearts. They were irritated more than ever at the conduct of the English ministry, in hiring the Hessian soldiers. This irritation was not allayed by the bill which had just passed through Parliament, compelling all

persons found in American vessels, to serve on board his majesty's ships of war.

From this time, the war, on both sides, assumed a more determined character. A strong English force was sent to relieve Carleton, in Canada Arnold's whole force before Quebec, now amounted only to three thousand men. Many of these were sick with the small-pox. General Thomas died of the disease. The river was clear of ice, April, 1776, and English reinforcements were expected every day by the governor. An attack was made upon Quebec, but it failed of success; and Arnold was now obliged to break up his camp and retreat, leaving his baggage behind. Governor Carleton pursued, till the Americans reached the mouth of the river Sorel.

About the last of May, English forces arrived at Quebec, amounting to thirteen thousand men, commanded by Burgoyne, Phillips, and a German general, called Reidesel. Arnold, meanwhile, was skirmishing with the Canadians and Indians, about Montreal and the Sorel. In a short time, he went down the St. Lawrence to Trois Rivieres, where there was a large body of English.

He expected to surprise them in the night, but was misled by his guide; and, when he arrived late in the morning, the enemy was drawn up in battle array. A skirmish began, and the Americans were defeated. They fled over a wild, swampy country of woods, leaving many prisoners behind

them; and, having crossed the St. Lawrence, at last arrived at Fort St. John, on the Sorel.

The English pursued them to this place. Arnold's force was too small to resist a siege. He therefore set fire to the magazine and barracks, and retreated farther south to Crown Point. The English, having lost their batteaux, could pursue him no farther, and soon after returned to Quebec.

The Americans, under Arnold, had suffered exceedingly in the retreat. They sometimes waded in the water to the waist, and dragged the loaded batteaux up the rapids by main strength. Two regiments, at one time, had not a single man in health; another had only six, and a fourth only forty. On the first of July, they reached Crown Point. And thus ended the courageous, but unfortunate expedition to Canada.

During the summer of 1776, Crown Point was taken by the British; and the Americans, now commanded by General Gates, withdrew to Ticonderoga. A fleet was built on the lake, at Skeensborough, consisting of a sloop, three schooners, and six gondolas, which are large flat vessels. They carried, in the whole, more than one hundred guns, and more than four hundred men. Arnold commanded the fleet.

By the month of October, the British had collected a much larger naval force; and, as nothing could be done, by way of invading the Provinces from Canada, till Lake Champlain should be clear-

ed of the Americans, they sailed up the lake, and engaged them. The two fleets fought till night. Arnold then very skilfully made his escape, and, in the morning, not an American sail was to be seen.

The British fleet followed on, however, and found them again off Crown Point. Some of the American vessels escaped to Ticonderoga. Seven of them remained. They were attacked, and the action continued some hours. Arnold was determined that his vessels should not be taken. He contrived, therefore, to run them on shore, and there they were blown up. He did not leave his own vessel till she was wrapped in flames. Lake Champlain was now in the power of the British; but Gates and Arnold had prevented them, strong as their force was, from invading the Provinces farther south. It was now too late in the season to attempt it.

Boston, which had been entered by the American army on the 17th of March, was no longer disturbed by the enemy. The British, finding that the Provinces of North Carolina and Virginia were too strong for them, determined to make an attack upon the city of Charleston, in South Carolina.

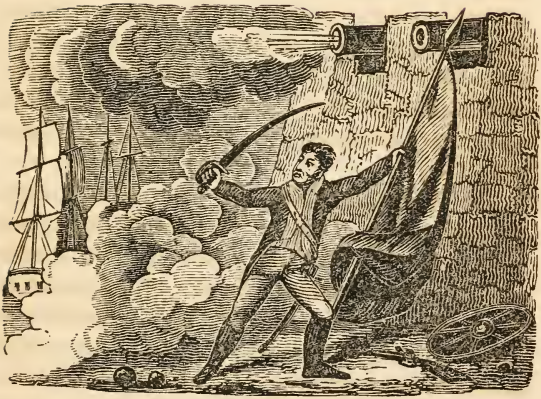
Admiral Parker and General Clinton reached Charleston harbor on the 28th of June, and, with eleven large vessels of war, commenced a tremendous attack upon Fort Moultrie. This stood upon

Sullivan's Island, six miles from the city, and was built of a kind of wood called palmetto, so spongy and soft, that the balls were buried in it, and no splinters were thrown off.

The fort was defended by sixty pieces of cannon. Ship after ship poured in their tremendous broadsides. The whole harbor seemed to be but a sheet of flame. The Americans aimed well, and every shot had its effect. Some of the English vessels were soon stranded. The Thunder, after firing more than sixty bombs, was disabled. The Bristol was almost destroyed, and a great number of men were killed.

The fire of the fort suddenly stopped. Their powder was exhausted. The enemy thought themselves sure of the victory, and the ships moved nearer, with their flags flying, and their drums beating. But the Americans were soon supplied from the shore, and the battle lasted, hotter than ever, till seven in the evening. The English drew off in the night, and the enterprise was abandoned. This defence of Fort Moultrie was one of the most gallant actions of the war.

Every man and every officer fought like a hero. Congress voted their thanks to the whole garrison, and to several of the officers by name. A sword was presented to a sergeant of grenadiers, named Jasper. In the heat of the battle, the staff of the fort flag had been cut down by a ball. It fell from the parapet to the ground below. Jasper sprang



Gallantry of Sergeant Jasper.

after it, fastened it to the rammer of a cannon, and hoisted it again, amid the fire of the enemy.

General Clinton arrived at Staten Island, off the harbor of New York, about the 12th of July. General Howe, with the army which left Boston for Halifax, in March, had taken possession of the island on the second of the month. Two hundred of the inhabitants enlisted under his banner. Some of the New Jersey people came into his camp, and Governor Tryon, of New York, visited him, informed him of the state of the Province, and encouraged him to believe that every thing must soon yield to his army.

The British plan now was, to direct the whole English force upon the Province of New York, and to make it, with the city of New York, the centre of all their operations in America. From this point, they could march south upon the southern Provinces; here they could receive stores from England by water, and provisions from Staten and Long Islands; and here they could ascend the Hudson, and meet Burgoyne, in his route south from Canada. At least, such were the views of the English officers; but the event will show, that these things were more easily said than done.

CHAPTER XVI.

Feelings of the Americans. Declaration of Independence. Effect of it. Anecdote. Skirmishes about New York. Retreat of the Americans from Long Island and from New York into New Jersey.

The revolution in America had now reached a point from which it could not turn backward. The feelings of a great part of the people were alienated from England, and a deep hostility was planted in their bosoms. They had originally asked for justice, and that was denied. Oppression followed, and that they resisted. Then came the British armies, with fire and sword, to consume their dwellings, and shed their blood.

A high-spirited people were not likely to look on these things but with resentment. Their love and respect for England were originally very strong. These, indeed, lasted up to the period of which I am now speaking. But now all thoughts of reconciliation were abandoned. The people no longer asked for redress; they cast off their allegiance to the king, and determined to be free; the "spirit of '76," which is often alluded to, was the earnest voice of a nation, resolving that they would risk every thing for independence.

In June, 1776, Congress had chosen five of their members to consider the great question, whether the Provinces should declare themselves a *Free and*

Independent Nation. These were Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston. They reported in favor of so doing; and Congress agreed with them. Independence was solemnly declared on the fourth day of July. The declaration was written by Jefferson, and signed by John Hancock, president. It was then signed by every other member of Congress.

This declaration has become famous among all nations. It was, as I have said, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson; and then it was a great deal discussed by the members of Congress, and many amendments and alterations were made. It was a long time before Congress could satisfy themselves. One gentleman objected to one word, and another to another word, till, as Franklin said to Mr. Jefferson, it fared like the sign of a hatter in Philadelphia, composed in these words, "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money," with the figure of a hat at the end.

Before nailing it over his door, the hatter submitted it to his friends for correction. One thought the word "hatter" of no use, it being followed by the words "makes hats." So "hatter" was struck out. A second said that "makes" might as well be omitted; his customers would not care who made the hats. A third thought "ready money" was useless; it was not the custom of the place to sell for any thing but money. These were brushed out, and it now read, "John Thompson sells hats."

"Sells hats!" says the next man the hatter met; "why, nobody will expect you to give them away." "Sells" was knocked out, and then "hats," because there was one painted on the board. This, with "John Thompson," was all that remained. The declaration was trimmed in much the same manner. But it satisfied every body at last.

This story, therefore, only applies to the manner in which the declaration of independence was discussed in Congress. As it was finally passed and signed by the members of Congress, it was one of the most noble efforts of the human mind.

The people received and read it with great joy. Independence was proclaimed, with great parade, at Philadelphia, on the 8th. Cannon were fired, the bells rung, bonfires were kindled, and the people seemed to be mad with joy. On the 11th, the declaration was read to each brigade of the American army, then assembled at New York, and received with prodigious peals of applause.

The same evening, the statue of George III, erected in 1770, was dragged through the streets, by the "sons of liberty;" and the lead it was made of was melted into musket balls. An immense multitude, at Baltimore, received the declaration in the same manner; the air ringing with shouts, and the roar of cannon. The king's effigy was made the sport of the populace, and burnt in the public square.

In Boston, the declaration was read from the gal-

lery of the State-house, to an immense crowd, gathered from all quarters. Men, women and children assembled to hear it, and every moment the air sounded with the shouts of the multitude. The troops were drawn up, splendidly dressed and armed, in King street, which from that time was called State street.

The bells rang, the people shouted, the cannon thundered and blazed, and the striped banners waved from the steeples, till the whole air seemed to be alive. In the evening, all the ensigns of royalty, English lions, sceptres or crowns, whether graven or painted, were torn in pieces, and burnt in State street.

The Virginian Convention voted, that the king's name should be struck out from all the public prayers. They ordered, that the great seal of that Commonwealth should represent Virtue as the guardian genius of the Province, resting one hand upon her lance, and holding with the other a sword, trampling upon tyranny, in the shape of a prostrate man, with a crown fallen from his head, and a broken chain in his hand.

Such was the declaration of independence, and such the manner in which it was received by the Americans. They had now declared themselves to the world as a free people; but ere their freedom could be established, they had yet to pass through a long, bloody and desolating war.

General Washington now occupied New York

and Long Island, which lies a few miles from the city, with seventeen thousand troops. On the 22d of August, the English landed, in great force, on the island, and a very hot battle was fought, among the hills and woods. A whole regiment of fine young men from Maryland were killed, some cannon were lost, and the Americans retreated to the northern part of the island.

Here the stormy weather kept the enemy from attacking the camp again. But, fearing an assault every moment, the Americans concluded to pass over to the island of New York, and join the rest of the army. This was done in the night of August 29th. They kindled up circles of bright fires in their camp, to deceive the enemy, and started off in their boats at 11 o'clock in the evening.

They were so near the British all the while, as to hear the sound of their pickaxes, and now and then the shout of a British soldier, as he walked on guard. They were neither seen nor heard, however. The fleet of boats moved off from the shore, like an army of ghosts. Not a word was said, no drums beat, no bugles rang, no colors waved in the breeze.

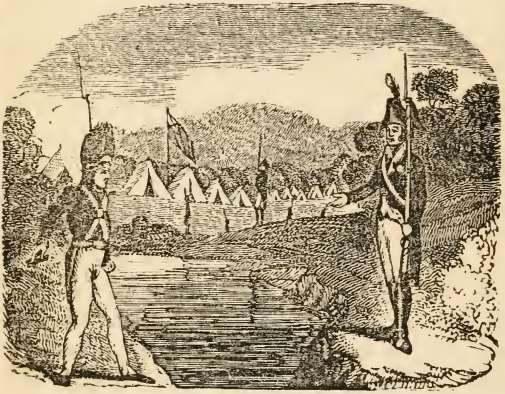
A fair wind favored the troops; they crossed the water like birds. In the morning, at eight, when the fog cleared up, which had covered them in the passage, and the sun shone out bright and warm upon the green shores, the wooded hill-tops of the islands, and the smooth surface of the bay, the

American army had vanished. The camp was deserted, the fires had gone down, and nothing was seen, but a few distant boats, which had come back for the cannon.

Previous to the retreat of the Americans, several skirmishes were fought between the two armies. Two forts, one belonging to the English, and the other to the Americans, were within half gun shot of each other, and were only separated by a small creek. It was at last agreed between the British and American officers, that the sentinels should not fire upon each other, as they went their rounds. So they became very civil. "Give us a quid of your tobacco, my good friend," cried the English guard to the American sentinel. "Oh! certainly," said the latter. He drew his twisted roll from his pocket, and tossed it across the creek to the Englishman, who gnawed off a quid, and threw it back again.

The British army now pressed the Americans with great activity; the latter were driven back from point to point. They left the city of New York, at last, and the British entered it. A few days after, a terrible fire raged in the place, and consumed more than a thousand houses. The British supposed the inhabitants had set it on fire, and were so angry, as to throw some of them into the flames.

Washington now retreated into the back country The British scoured the Province of New York



English and American Sentinels.

with their troops, and covered all the shores with their vessels. Several strong forts were taken, together with their garrisons. Nothing could be done to oppose them. The Americans were never so much discouraged.

General Washington, with his army, marched into New Jersey, and attempted to harass the British army there, under Cornwallis. But they were too strong, and Washington was obliged to retreat night and day: over mountain and valley, he fled before them. The time the militia had enlisted for was short, and many of them went home. Whole companies deserted, and the army was so small in December, that Washington knew every man by his name. They were so nearly naked and ragged, too, and looked so miserable, that their own countrymen would not join them. Large numbers went over to the enemy. They were driven, week after week, up and down the banks of the Delaware. The infantry left the frozen ground bloody behind them, with their bare and sore feet. They were so closely pursued, that they could scarcely cross a stream, and beat down the bridges after crossing it, before the enemy came galloping up on the other side.

The British cavalry traversed the country, with their large, fine horses, and elegant uniforms. The hundred or two horsemen of the American army, were mounted upon wretched, worn-out horses, so lean and frightful, as to be the constant theme of

ridicule with the British soldiers. The riders were not much better. "Ragamuffins" had become a common name for them.

These were gloomy times; and the American people began to fear, that they would be crushed in their struggle for freedom. Many were entirely disheartened. Some persons basely deserted the cause of their country, in this hour of trouble, and went over to the enemy. But Washington remained firm and undismayed. While other minds were shaken with doubt and fear, he remained steadfast and resolved. Looking deeply into the future, and placing his trust in Heaven, he seemed to penetrate the clouds, that shed their gloom upon the land, and to see beyond them a brighter and a happier day.

He always appeared before his soldiers with a smile, and fought or fasted with them, as necessity required. He inspired all around him with courage, and wrote many letters to Congress, entreating them to make great exertions to send him assistance. Accordingly, they endeavored to rouse the country, by representing to the people the necessity of an immediate increase of the army.

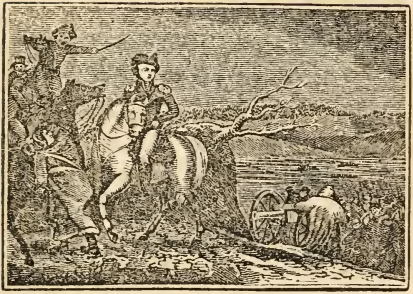
CHAPTER XVII.

Condition of the Army. Battle of Princeton; of Trenton. The German Soldiers. The British Treatment of Prisoners. War with the Cherokee Indians. Anecdotes.

This appeal was not without its effect. Philadelphia, in a very short time, furnished Washington with a regiment of fifteen hundred noble fellows, who were resolved to support him to the last. They had been accustomed to the gay company and high living of the city; but they shouldered the musket, slept, with a mere blanket around them, on the frozen ground, or in sheds and barns; and suffered every thing with the poorest of the army.

The British now withdrew into winter quarters They occupied the villages for many miles, up and down, on the eastern side of the Delaware, with their army. Washington was below them, on the other side. But they were tired of pursuing him; and they believed that his army would soon dwindle away, and the whole country be conquered. They scarcely took the trouble to set guards at night.

But Washington watched them like a lynx. On the night of December 25th, he crossed the Delaware, again, with a large part of his army. The night was dark, stormy and cold. The river was crowded with broken ice, rushing together, and sweeping down upon its swift current. But, not-



Crossing the Delaware.

withstanding these difficulties and dangers, the river was passed by the American troops, and they marched on to Trenton.

They entered that place at eight in the morning. A large body of Hessians were stationed there. They were completely surprised; but they fought bravely for a short time. Five hundred cavalry made their escape; but some fine cannon and more than a thousand prisoners were taken by the Americans. Cornwallis, who lay a few miles off, thought so little of the American "ragamuffins," at this time, that he mistook the noise of the cannon at Trenton for thunder.

The British army were amazed at this unexpected event. They moved and marched about, but to no purpose. Washington started off for the mountains of New Jersey. The British were close upon his rear. They encamped so near him one evening, that they thought it impossible for him to escape. They put off attacking him, however, till the next morning.

The Americans kindled up their fires, as usual, and marched off at one o'clock, without noise. They reached Princeton at daybreak, and fell upon the British there so suddenly and so fiercely, that sixty of them were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. Their commanding officer had had some fears of an attack, and had written to the commander of the British army, a day or two before, for a reinforcement. "Don't be alarmed,"

was the answer; "with a corporal and six men, you may scour the whole country; dont be alarmed." They found themselves mistaken, however, as we have seen.

Washington now formed a camp at Morristown. Militia came to him from all parts. The spirits of the people were raised. They had imagined that nothing could conquer the Germans, and were afraid of them, as of wild beasts. Indeed, these soldiers had acted like wild beasts. They had ravaged the country like so many highwaymen, plundering, burning and murdering. But the people found now, that they were men; and that they could be killed and captured, as large and fierce as they looked, with their immense swords, like scythes, their tall caps, and shaggy whiskers.

The British themselves treated their prisoners with cruelty. Hundreds were confined in the New York prisons. They were often insulted as rebels. A party of them was once brought before General Howe, to be tried. An English gentleman pleaded their youth in their favor. "It won't do," said the general; "hang up the rascals! hang them up!" They were only carted through the streets, however, seated on coffins. Halters were tied about their necks, and the British soldiers hooted at them.

While these things were going on, late in the year 1776, at New York, Sir Peter Parker scoured the coasts of Rhode Island with a large squadron,

and overran the whole Province. Meanwhile, a man by the name of Stuart was sent, by the British, among the Indians in the high, wild lands back of Virginia, and the other southern Colonies.

The Cherokees were persuaded by him to make war; and they rushed in upon the settlements of the whites, burning the villages, and scalping men, women and children. But a large American force soon marched into their own country. Their wigwams were burnt to the ground, and their cornfields trampled under foot. They were frightened at last, and begged for peace.

It once happened, during the expedition against the Indians, that, the Americans having marched a long way among the hills, Major Pickens was sent ahead with twenty-five men, as a scouting party, to examine the country. One morning, as he and his party waded through the tall grass on the bank of a stream called Little River, more than two hundred Indians came rushing out on a ridge of land just above them.

Never was such a horrid noise heard as the Indian war-whoop. The woods sounded with it far and wide. The Indians were dressed in the most frightful manner, with their faces painted, long feathers on their heads, guns swinging in their left hands, and tomahawks raised in their right. "Let us scalp them," cried the Indian leader to his men; "they are too few to shoot."

But Major Pickens was prepared for their onset. His men were sharp-shooters, and each man had his rifle. He ordered them not to fire until he did; to take sure aim; and, having fired, to bury themselves in the grass, and load their rifles. The Indian chief soon came up within twenty-five yards of the little band, yelling and shaking his tomahawk. Pickens stretched out his rifle, took a deliberate aim, and shot him dead.

The twenty-five brave riflemen now fired. The Indians fell on all sides. They yelled more than ever, with fury and terror, dropped their tomahawks, and fell back among the trees. Even there the rifles were too sure for them. Not an Indian could show himself over a log or a rock, but a bullet instantly whistled through him.

One of them was seen running his gun through the roots of a fallen tree. A rifleman aimed at him as coolly as if he had been a wooden mark, hit him precisely in the nose, and laid him flat on his back. Another Indian lifted the dead body, and was running off with it,—for the Indians never leave the dead,—when another rifleman fired, and killed him. Dozens of them were picked off in this way, and the rest fled.

A few such skirmishes as these made the Indians soon tired of fighting the Americans, to which they had been instigated by the British. The next year, when an attempt was made to set them upon

the white inhabitants along the frontiers, they replied to the British emissaries, that "the hatchet was buried so deep that they could not find it."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Campaign of 1777. Skirmishes in Connecticut. Anecdote of Arnold; of Colonel Meigs. Movements of the British Fleet. Battle of the Brandywine; of Germantown; of Red Bank. Anecdotes.

In the spring of 1777, General Howe amused himself by sending out detachments from his camp to ravage various parts of the country. On the 26th of April, Governor Tryon embarked at New York, with a detachment; sailed through the Sound; and landed at Fairfield, Connecticut. They marched through the country in battle array, and reached Danbury in twenty hours.

As they came, the few militia who were there fled at full speed. The British began to burn and demolish every thing except the houses of the tories. Eighteen houses were consumed; and eight hundred barrels of pork and beef, two thousand barrels of flour, and seventeen hundred tents were carried off or destroyed. But the militia now began to muster from the country round about.

At Ridgefield, General Arnold blocked up the

road in front of the British, who were now returning. He had with him about five hundred men. These brave fellows, who had marched fifteen or twenty miles in the rain, kept up a brisk fire upon the enemy, as they came on; and stood their ground, till the British formed a lodgment upon a hill at their left hand. They were then obliged to give way. The British rushed on, and a whole platoon fired at General Arnold, who was not more than thirty yards distant. His horse was killed. A soldier advanced to run him through with his bayonet; Arnold shot him dead with his pistol, and escaped. The British lost more than two hundred men, but made good their retreat to the Sound. Congress presented General Arnold with a fine war-horse, richly dressed, for his gallantry.

By way of retaliation, on the 24th of May, Colonel Meigs, an American, crossed the Sound with one hundred and seventy men, in whale-boats, and fell upon the enemy at Sagg Harbor, on Long Island. They burned twelve vessels, destroyed a large quantity of forage, killed six men, and brought off ninety prisoners, without losing one of their own men. They returned to Guilford, having been the distance of ninety miles in twenty-five hours from the time of their departure. Congress ordered an elegant sword to be presented to Colonel Meigs.

General Howe made great efforts, in the spring of 1777, to persuade the Americans to enlist under him. They were promised large wages and boun-

ties; but very few of them could be wheedled in this way. They hated the Germans even more than they did the English. But great numbers of militia crowded to Washington's camp, at Middle Brook, New Jersey. His army amounted to fifteen thousand men.

He was so strongly entrenched among the hills, that Howe dared not attack him. The summer was spent in marching to and fro, in New Jersey, without effecting much. But in July, the British mustered a force of sixteen thousand men, at New York. These left there, soon after, with a large fleet. An attack was expected every where upon the coast; but no one knew whither they were bound. Having been off at sea, with high winds, for a long time, they entered Chesapeake Bay at last, and landed at Turkey Point.

They left that place September 3d, and, marching towards Philadelphia, came up with Washington's army at a place called Chad's Ford, on the river Brandywine. On the 11th, they had a warm skirmish, and the Americans were driven back. Congress removed to Yorktown, Virginia; and Howe entered Philadelphia, in great triumph, September 26th.

The Americans were defeated again at Germantown, on the 4th of October. The battle began early in the morning, when nothing could be seen farther than thirty yards. During the whole action, which lasted nearly three hours, the firing on

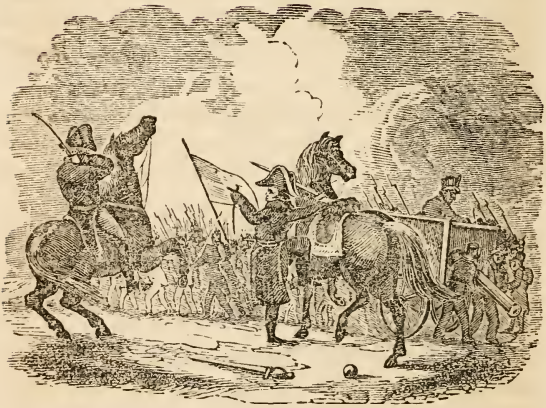
both sides was directed by the flash of each other's guns. The smoke of the cannon and musketry, mingled with the thick fog, rested over the armies in clouds.

The Americans saved their artillery, even to a single cannon, which had been dismounted. This piece belonged to General Greene's division; and he stopped in the midst of the retreat, and coolly ordered it to be placed in a wagon. In this manner it was carried off.

General Greene's aid-de-camp, Major Burnet wore a long cue in this battle, as the fashion then was in the army. As he turned round to attend to the cannon just mentioned, his cue was cut off by a musket ball from the enemy. "Don't hurry, my dear major," cried Greene, laughing; "pray dismount, and get that long cue of yours; don't be in haste."

The English were driving after them at a tremendous rate, cavalry, cannon, and all. The major jumped from his horse, however, and picked up his cue. Just at that moment, a shot took off a large powdered curl from the head of Greene. The major, in turn, advised him to stop and pick it up; but he rode on quietly, and was the last man on the field.

About this time, a smart action was fought at Red Bank, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, eight miles below Philadelphia. The Americans had erected batteries here, and upon Mud Island,



Major Burnet and General Greene.

half a mile distant, in the middle of the river Nothing, therefore, belonging to the British, could pass up and down between their camp, which was now at Philadelphia, and their fleet, in the river below.

Two ranges of chevaux-de-frise were placed in the channel. These were immense timbers, framed together like a wharf, and sunk four feet under water, with stones and heavy iron points. They stretched from the island nearly to the Bank.

Howe sent down two thousand Germans, under Colonel Donop, to attack the Red Bank redoubt. This was defended by four hundred men.

This number was so small, that half the redoubt was left vacant, and a line was drawn through the middle of it. The enemy came on fiercely enough, with a brisk cannonade; entered the empty part of the redoubt, and shouted for victory. But it was now the garrison's turn. They poured out such a tremendous fire, that the Germans, after a brief conflict, fled, with the loss of four hundred men. Their brave commander, Donop, was killed. Late in the season, however, these fortifications in the river were abandoned.

Washington retired into winter quarters, at Valley Forge, sixteen miles from Philadelphia. His army might have been tracked, by the blood of their feet, in marching, without shoes or stockings, over the hard, frozen ground. Thousands of them had no blankets, and were obliged to spend the

night in trying to get warm, instead of sleeping. They erected log-huts for lodgings.

For a fortnight, they nearly starved. They were sometimes without bread and without meat. A person passing by the huts of these poor fellows in the evening, might have seen them, through the crevices, stretching their cold hands over the fire, and a soldier occasionally coming in or going out, with nothing but a blanket on his shoulders. "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum," said they to each other. But they loved Washington and their country too well, to desert them in these trying times.

While a British force lay on the west side of Rhode Island, under General Prescott, during this last season, (1777,) one Barton, a militia major, learned their situation from a deserter, and planned an attack upon them. He collected his regiment, and asked, which of them would hazard their lives with him. If any were willing, they should advance two paces. Every man came forward; they knew Barton well for a brave fellow.

He chose thirty-six of them, mustered five whale-boats, and started off at nine o'clock in the evening. The men promised to follow him at all hazards. He directed them to sit perfectly still, like statues, and obey him. Barton's boat went ahead, distinguished by a long pole run out from the stem, with a handkerchief tied to it.

As they rowed by Prudence Island, they heard

the English guard cry, "All's well." A noise was heard on the main land, like the trampling of horses; but, as the night was very dark, nothing could be seen, and no man whispered a word. They now landed, and set off silently for Prescott's lodgings, which were a mile from the shore. The Americans had to pass by a house occupied by a company of troopers.

"Who comes there?" cried the sentinel. They said nothing; and, a few trees standing before them, their number could not be seen. They moved on. "Who comes there?" muttered the sentinel again. "Friends," replied Barton. "Friends," says the soldier, "advance, and give the countersign." "Poh! poh!" said Barton; "we have no countersign—have you seen any rascals to night?" He rushed upon the guard, at this moment, like a lion, and threatened to blow his brains out, if he uttered a syllable. The poor fellow was horribly frightened, but they took him along with them. They soon reached the house, burst in the door, and rushed forward. A British soldier, with only a shirt on, rushing out at the same time, ran for the cavalry house, to give the alarm. The men would not believe him, but laughed at him for being frightened at ghosts. He confessed that the creature (Barton) was clothed in white—and so it passed off.

"Is General Prescott here?" shouted Barton, to the master of the house. "No, sir! oh no, sir!"

said the poor fellow, scared almost out of his wits. Nobody in the house seemed to know any thing about Prescott. "Then," shouted Barton, at the head of the stair-case, "I will burn the house down about your ears." And he seized a flaming brand from the fire-place.

"What noise is this?" cries somebody in the next chamber. Barton opened the door, and found an elderly gentleman sitting up in bed. "Are you General Prescott, sir?" "Yes, sir." "You are my prisoner, then," said Barton. Prescott was half dressed by the soldiers in a moment, and carried off to the shore, with a Major Barrington, who had leaped from a chamber window.

They had scarcely rowed through the English fleet, when a discharge of cannon gave the alarm. Fifty boats pursued them in the dark. They escaped, however, and, in six hours from the time of starting, landed at Warwick Point. "You have made a monstrous bold push, major," said Prescott, as they stepped ashore. "Thank you, sir," said Barton, with a bow; "we have done as well as we could." This capture occasioned great joy throughout the country.

CHAPTER XIX.

Movements of Burgoyne's and Gates's Army in the North. Anecdote of General Arnold. Death of General Herkimer. Story of Colonel John Brooks. Hot Skirmishes at Saratoga. Anecdotes.

Having seen Washington's army in their winter quarters at Valley Forge, we shall now follow the northern army, under Gates, and the English under Burgoyne, through the campaign of 1777. The latter intended to break his way from Canada, up the river Sorel, through Lakes Champlain and George, and the river Hudson, to New York. He had under his command one of the finest armies ever seen.

The Americans were driven before him, from Champlain almost to Albany. Burgoyne pressed after them; but his route lay through the woods, and the Americans cut large trees on both sides of the road, so that they fell across it, and blocked it up entirely. The country was so covered with marshes, and crossed by creeks, that the British were obliged to build no less than forty bridges; one of them was a log bridge, extending two miles across a swamp. July 30th, Burgoyne reached Fort Edward, on the Hudson.

He had with his army a large number of Indian warriors, and they ravaged the country in the most horrible manner. One of them murdered a beautiful

American girl, Miss McRea. She was the daughter of a tory, and was to be married to a young English officer. The latter sent two Indians to guide her across the wood from the fort to his own station. They quarreled on the way, which should have special charge of her. They became very angry, and one of them, to terminate the dispute, sunk his tomahawk in her head, and ended her life.

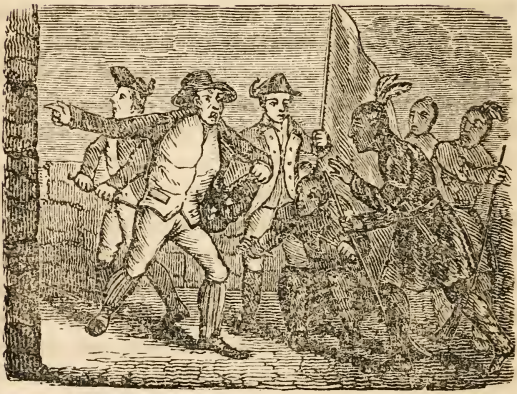
The spirit of the whole country was greatly excited by these things; and an army of thirteen thousand men was collected under General Gates, to oppose Burgoyne. Meanwhile, a British force, under General St. Leger, had crossed Lake Ontario, from the St. Lawrence, and laid siege to Fort Schuyler, on the southern side. General Herkimer marched northward with eight hundred militia, to relieve it. He fell into an ambuscade, however, in the woods, and was killed.

In his last moments, though mortally wounded, he was seen sitting on a stump, still encouraging his men. They stood firm, and several of the British Indians fell at their first fire. The rest were so enraged, that they turned upon the tories and the British, and murdered several of them. The battle was heard at the fort, and two hundred and fifty of the Americans came out to reinforce the detachment. The British were wholly routed The Indians fled, howling like wild beasts, and left their kettles, blankets, tomahawks and deer-skins behind.

But St. Leger, with his Indians and tories, still besieged Fort Schuyler. General Arnold was now sent, with one thousand men, to attack them. But this force was too small, and the Americans had recourse to a stratagem to frighten the enemy. Colonel Brooks, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, seized upon one Cuyler, a tory, who owned a large farm-house. He was in great terror, lest the Americans should plunder him; but Brooks agreed to let him go, and spare his property, if he would travel to Fort Schuyler, and tell the British force there, that Arnold was coming upon them with an immense army.

Cuyler consented. He bored his coat through in two or three places, in the skirts, and made all haste across the woods to the British camp. He informed the Indians there, that Arnold was rushing upon them with a tremendous force; he said he had fled before them for his life, and showed them the bullet-holes in his old coat, in proof of his story.

The Indians were frightened. Nothing could persuade them to stay with St. Leger. "You told us," said they, "there would be no fighting for us; that we should smoke our pipes; and when you had taken the prisoners in the fort, we were to have the pleasure of cutting their throats. But this won't do." Accordingly, seven or eight hundred immediately left him. He was himself so alarm-



Cuyler showing his coat to the Indians.

ed, that he fled with his troops, and left his baggage behind him.

Two Indian chiefs, who, it seems, understood the plot, followed them in their march, and played jokes upon the officers. One of the chiefs had loitered behind; and just as the officers reached a deep, muddy place, he came running up to them, out of breath, and cried out, "They are coming! they are coming!" The soldiers threw down their knapsacks, and plunged through the mire as fast as they could go. St. Leger himself was completely plastered with mud from head to foot.

In this way, Fort Schuyler was relieved from the siege without bloodshed. The stratagem practised by the Americans, afforded a great deal of amusement to the army. It is deemed lawful in war to use such kind of deception against an enemy, but my little readers will not imagine that it would be ever right for them to resort to any similar artifice.

About the middle of August, Burgoyne sent five hundred Hessians and one hundred Indians, under Colonel Baum, to take possession of a collection of American provisions, at Bennington, Vermont. But General Stark was there, luckily, with eight hundred New Hampshire and Vermont militia. Colonel Baum, finding this force greater than his own, threw up temporary breastworks for defence, and sent to Burgoyne for reinforcements. Several skirmishes now followed, in which the Americans

had the advantage. Animated by success, they at length ventured to make a general attack upon the breastworks of the enemy. They were without cannon, and destitute even of bayonets. The Hessians, too, fought very bravely for two hours.

But they were now opposed by still braver men. The Americans rushed into the very flash of their cannon and musketry. Stark had said, at the outset of the battle, "My fellow soldiers, we conquer to-day, or this night Mary Stark is a widow." Such deep resolution seemed to be in the breast of every man. They could not be resisted. Multitudes of the enemy fell before their keen and well-directed fire. Baum himself was killed, and most of his detachment either lost their lives, or were taken prisoners.

The Americans, not expecting another enemy, had dispersed themselves after the battle. Suddenly, a reinforcement of several hundred British troops, under Colonel Breyman, arrived at Bennington. The Americans were now near losing all they had gained. But it happened that a regiment, under Colonel Warner, reached the place soon after. These, with the militia, immediately made an attack upon the enemy. They fought till sunset, when the British retreated, and, under cover of the night, the greater part effected their escape.

In these two engagements, four hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded, six hundred were

taken prisoners; and two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, eight loads of baggage, and twenty horses, fell into the hands of the Americans. A Vermont clergyman, at the commencement of the first day's battle, mounted a stump, and prayed for the Americans. The British heard him, and fired at him. The stump was bored through with their bullets, but the clergyman was not hurt. He stepped down. "Now give me a gun," said he; and he fired the first shot on the American side.

An old farmer in the neighborhood had five sons in the battle. He was told the next day, that one of them had come to a miserable end. "What!" cried the gray-headed patriot, "did he leave his post? did he run from the enemy?" "Oh no, sir; worse than that—he fell among the slain, fighting like a hero." "Then I am satisfied," said the old man; "bring him in; let me look upon my noble boy." The corpse was brought in; he wept over it. He then called for a bowl of water, and a napkin; washed the blood away with his own trembling hands, and thanked God, that his son had died for his country.

By the middle of September, the American army under Gates was within three miles of the great army of Burgoyne, on the Hudson. The latter was now severely pressed for provisions, and undertook to march on towards Albany. The Americans met him at Stillwater, on the 19th; a fierce battle was fought; and the British could advance no

farther. They pitched their camp on the plains of Saratoga, three miles above the village, within cannon-shot of the American lines.

General Clinton was at this time attempting to force a passage up the Hudson, from New York, to reinforce Burgoyne. Spies and scouts were constantly passing between the two armies. One Palmer was at last caught in this business, and brought into the camp of the American general, Putnam, at Peekskill, New York. He was found to be an American tory, and the British had made him a lieutenant for his pains. Governor Tryon wrote for his release, and threatened vengeance if he were executed.

Putnam addressed the following note to the governor, in reply :—

"Sir—Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; he was condemned as a spy; and you may rest assured, sir, he shall be hanged as a spy.

I have the honor to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

To his Excellency Governor Tryon.

P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

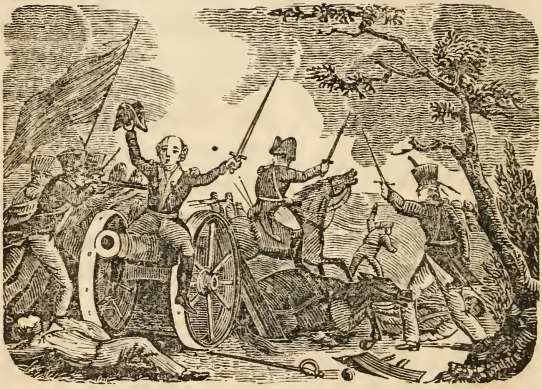
Hot skirmishes now took place every day between the two armies at Saratoga. September 23d, a cannonade was kept up, with a tremendous roar

and blaze, for three hours. The field was strown with the killed. An English captain, with forty-eight men, had the command of four fine cannon. He fought till thirty-six of his men were killed. His horses being shot down at last, the cannon were left to the Americans.

Some of the American soldiers, during these skirmishes, often placed themselves in the boughs of high trees, the country being wild and woody, and played with their rifles upon the rear and flanks of the enemy. The British officers were picked off like birds. Burgoyne himself once narrowly escaped. His aid-de-camp, General Phillips, was delivering a message to him, when he received a rifle ball in his arm. His saddle was furnished with very rich lace, and the sharp-shooter had taken him for Burgoyne.

October 7th, the whole British line was driven back by a tremendous charge. The German lines stood firm to the last, and Colonel Brooks was ordered to attack them. He galloped toward them at the head of his regiment, waving his sword; and Colonel Arnold rushed on with him. Arnold was wounded, and carried off. Brooks kept on, and the Germans were driven back. Colonel Cilley, of New Hampshire, captured a cannon with his own hands, and was seen astride upon it, in the heat of the battle, shouting to his soldiers.

In this battle, Burgoyne had a bullet pass through his hat, and another through the edge of his vest.



Colonel Cilley mounted on the Cannon he has taken.

The English general Frazer fought nobly for a long time. Colonel Morgan observed him at last, called up one of his best riflemen, and pointed him out. "Do you see that tall, fine looking fellow," said he, "fighting like a lion? It is Frazer. I honor the man—but he must die." This was enough for the rifleman. He aimed, and Frazer was shot dead.

CHAPTER XX.

Surrender of Burgoyne. Great Rejoicings. The French join the Americans. Battle of Monmouth. Anecdotes. Story of Captain Plunkett; of No Flint Gray; of Colonel McLane. Massacre of Wyoming. Indian War.

On the 18th of October, 1777, the whole British army under Burgoyne surrendered to General Gates. There were nearly ten thousand men, including Indians; forty cannon, seven thousand muskets, and a vast quantity of tents and cartridges. The whole country was filled with rejoicing. The thanks of Congress were voted to Gates and his army. But the best effect of the victory was, that the French now concluded to fight with the Americans against England.

Treaties between the two nations were signed February 6th, 1778, and a fast sailing schooner from France reached Casco Bay, in Maine, in

about a month, with the news. It occasioned prodigious joy in Congress, in the army at Valley Forge, and over the whole country. A French fleet arrived on the coast early in July.

General Clinton knew that they were coming, and therefore thought it necessary to remove to New York. He left Philadelphia on the 18th of June, and marched through New Jersey, toward the latter place.

The British army had been in possession of Philadelphia for many months. Their departure was a most welcome event to the inhabitants. The business of the city was very much interrupted while they were there, and the intercourse of the inhabitants with the neighboring towns and villages, was attended with much difficulty and vexation.

I have heard a story of a Captain Plunkett, who escaped from the British, while they were at Philadelphia, in a curious manner. He was an American officer, and, being taken prisoner, was carried to that city, and kept in confinement. Some years before, he had formed a very pleasant acquaintance with a young Quakeress. She became apprized of his situation, and determined to effect his release.

Accordingly, she privately sent him the uniform of a British officer. The captain put it on, and ordered the guard to open the door. The latter, taking him for a British officer, allowed him to

pass into the streets. He immediately went to the house of the young Quakeress, where he remained concealed for some time. His benefactress then procured for him an old market woman's gown, bonnet and shawl. The captain dressed himself in these, and, thus disguised, set out to leave the city. The British soldiers, who were on guard at the gate, taking him for a market woman, allowed him to pass; and thus he escaped from the enemy.

I will now tell you another story of what happened at Philadelphia, while the British army was there. The Americans contrived some machines, which were filled with gunpowder, and sent down the river Delaware, near to the city. They expected that these would explode, and annoy the British shipping; they did, in fact, no damage, but the British were very much alarmed; accordingly, they fired cannon at every thing they saw floating in the river. The Americans heard of all this, and they were very much amused with it. Mr. Francis Hopkinson, a man of great wit, wrote a ballad on the subject, which follows. Sir William, spoken of in the poem, was Sir William Howe, the British commander.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,—
The truth can't be denied, sir,—
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First rubb'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs do hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor thought of harm, as he lay warm
The land of dreams exploring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter:

He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"Alas, what is the matter?"
At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,—
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
"Why sure," thought they, "the d——'s to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water"

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

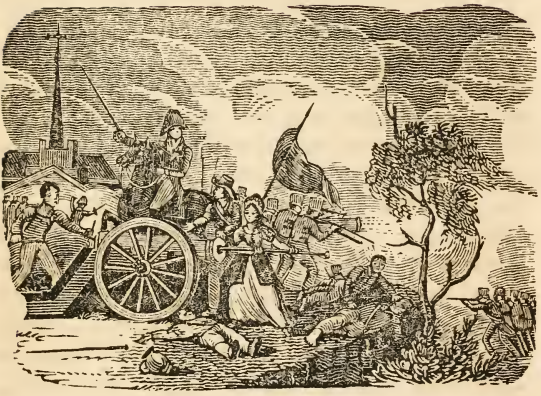
From morn to night, these men of might
Display'd amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

As soon as Washington heard that Clinton had left Philadelphia, he broke up his quarters at Valley Forge, and followed hard after him. A hot battle was fought on the 28th, near Monmouth court-house. It did not cease till the evening. Washington slept upon his cloak under a tree, expecting more fighting in the morning; but the British marched off in the night. Sixty of their soldiers were found dead on the battle-field, without wounds. Fatigue and the excessive heat had killed them.

In the beginning of this battle, one Molly Pitcher was occupied in carrying water from a spring to a battery, where her husband was employed in loading and firing a cannon. He was shot dead at



Molly Pitcher at the Battle of Monmouth.

last, and she saw him fall. An officer rode up, and ordered off the cannon. "It can be of no use, now," said he. But Molly stepped up, offered her services, and took her husband's place, to the astonishment of the army. She fought well, and half pay for life was given her by Congress. She wore an epaulette, and was called Captain Molly, ever after

I will tell you another story about the battle of Monmouth. In the midst of the fight, there was a soldier, whose gun-lock was knocked off by a bullet. At the same instant, a soldier at his side was killed. He picked up the dead man's musket, and was preparing to fire, when a bullet entered the muzzle of the gun, and twisted the barrel into the shape of a cork-screw. Although the bullets were flying around him like hail-stones, he deliberately knelt down upon the spot, unscrewed the lock from the musket in his hand, and fastened it to his own gun, which he had thrown away. In a few minutes, he was again prepared, and then engaged in the deadly conflict.

No other great battles were fought during the campaign of 1778. The armies only molested each other by sending out small detachments. One Gray, called "No Flint Gray," because he always ordered his soldiers to carry their flints in their pockets, and use the bayonets only, lay in wait in a barn, one night, for a British party. He set guards on the road, but these fell asleep.

The enemy found out his situation, rushed in upon him, and surprised him in profound slumber. Sixty-seven, out of one hundred and four of his men, were cruelly bayoneted on the spot. Twenty were made prisoners, and a few escaped. One of these had eleven bayonet wounds in his body; but he lived many years afterward.

Colonel McLane, of Lee's famous legion of troopers, had a narrow escape. He had planned an attack on a small British force stationed on a turnpike road, eight miles from Philadelphia, and rode ahead with a single soldier, to point out the way for his men. It was in the gray of the morning. His comrade suddenly shouted, "Colonel, the British!" spurred his horse, and was out of sight in a moment.

There, indeed, were the enemy all about him. They had lain in ambuscade, and thus suddenly came upon him. A dozen shots were fired, but his horse only was wounded in the flank. This spurred the animal on at such a furious rate, that he dashed through the woods like a hawk. The colonel now came up with a farm-house by the road-side, when a number of British officers observed him as he passed. They thought he was on his way to the English army, which was directly ahead.

He dashed by, and they soon found out their mistake, and pursued him. His horse went with such

speed, however, over fences and fields, and every other obstacle, that, at last, only two men continued to pursue him. These came up with him at the ascent of a small hill, the three horses so exhausted, that neither could be forced out of a walk. One of the soldiers cried out, "Surrender, you rebellious rascal, or we will cut you to pieces."

The colonel made no reply, but laid his hand on his pistols. The man now came up, and seized him by the collar, without drawing his sword. The colonel drew a pistol from his holster, aimed it at the Englishman's heart, and killed him. The other now seized him on the other side; a fierce struggle ensued. The colonel received a severe sword-gash in his left arm; but he drew his second pistol that moment with his right, placed it between the Englishman's eyes, and killed him by a shot in the head. Colonel McLane now stopped the flow of his own blood, by crawling into a mill-pond, and at last reached the American camp.

The savages on the frontiers were more active this season than ever. They made a dreadful attack on the district of Wyoming. This beautiful little country lay upon a branch of the river Susquehannah, in Pennsylvania, and consisted of eight rich townships, thinly inhabited. Never were any people more prosperous or more happy. They lived in the shade of their own forest trees, in summer, and in winter, by their own bright and warm fire-

sides. Their granaries were full of corn, and their green pastures, by the river-banks, were spotted with sheep.

They had sent a thousand men to the army; and the tories took this occasion to stir up the savages against them. That the Wyoming people might not be on their guard, they even made the Indians send messages of friendship, so that all suspicions were prevented. But the people at length received a hint of the intended invasion, and sent to General Washington for an armed force; but too late. Four hundred Indians came upon them early in July, with more than double that number of tories, painted, and dressed like themselves.

They were headed by Brandt, a cruel wretch, half Indian and half white; and by John Butler, a tory. The officers, only, were dressed in the British uniform. The colonists of Wyoming raised a few forts as fast as possible, and then gathered into them all their families.

The savages at length appeared before Kingston Fort, commanded by a cousin of Butler. They finally persuaded him to come out, with his soldiers, into the woods, for the purpose, they said, of making peace. He marched out with four hundred men to the spot agreed upon. Not an Indian or a tory was there. He pressed on through the dark paths of the forest, but found no one. At last he saw himself suddenly surrounded by the enemy. The savages were in every bush. They

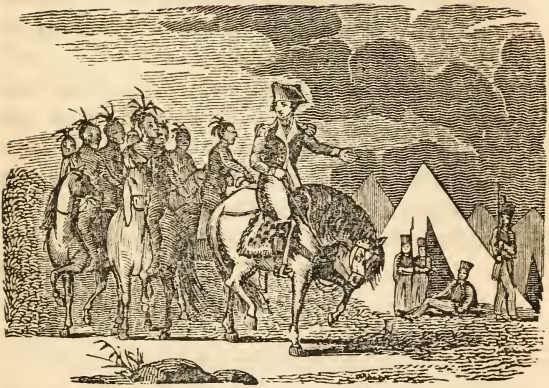
sprang out upon him, uttering terrible yells. All but sixty of these four hundred men were murdered with the most horrible cruelty.

The enemy went back to Kingston now, and, to frighten the people within, hurled over the gates two hundred of the reeking scalps of their brothers, husbands and fathers! They now inquired of Butler, the leader of the tories, what terms he would give them. He answered only—"the hatchet." They fought as long as possible, but the enemy soon enclosed the fort with dry wood, and then set it on fire. The unhappy people within were involved in the flames, and they all perished, men, women and children, in the awful blaze.

The whole Wyoming country was now ravaged. The people were scalped; the harvests, houses and orchards were burned; even the tongues of the horses and cattle were cut out, and the poor creatures left to perish.

Indeed, there were many acts of cruelty committed by these inhuman warriors, too horrible to tell you about. It is some consolation to know, that the savages were punished for their barbarous conduct. Colonel Clarke invaded their country in the fall, and treated them as they deserved. They were glad to make peace, and from this time gave no more trouble.

After this, the Indian chiefs came now and then to see Washington, and he showed them his army. He rode along the line on his noble gray war-horse,



Wasnington reviewing his Army, followed by Indian Chiefs.

and they rode after him, looking like so many crazy beggars. Their horses were miserably poor and thin. Some of the chiefs had only ropes for bridles, and no saddles at all. Their faces were painted all colors; they had jewels hanging from their noses and ears, some of them little smaller than pancakes. They had nothing on their heads but a tuft of hair at the crown, and nothing on their backs but a dirty blanket.

Nothing of great consequence was done this year by the French and English fleets off the coast. In December, the British, under Sir Hyde Parker, took possession of Savannah, in Georgia. Washington went into winter quarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

CHAPTER XXI.

State of the American Army. Camp at Morristown. Anecdote of Mayhew. British Ravages in Virginia and Connecticut. Expedition in Maine. Capture of Stony Point. Story of Peter Francisco; of Sergeant Jasper.

In the camp at Morristown, during the winter and the spring of 1779, the Americans were often without meat or bread; and they ate peas, barley, and almost every kind of horse-food, but hay. Salt could only be got for eight dollars a bushel. The snow was four feet deep. They had nothing

but a bed of straw and a blanket at night. They made log huts in February, which were tolerably comfortable. But many deserted, and the rest were almost discouraged.

Small parties were often sent out by each of the armies to annoy the other. On one occasion, a man by the name of Mayhew was pursued through the snow by two of the British troopers. They gained fast upon him, and he found he must be overtaken. So he turned about, and asked, if they would give him quarter. "Yes, you dog," shouted both of them, "we'll quarter you." Upon this, Mayhew resolved to give them one shot. He fired at the foremost, who immediately yelled out, "The rascal has broken my leg." Both of them wheeled about, and galloped away as fast as they could go.

Little was done on either side during the year 1779. The British main army, under Clinton, was at New York; and the Americans, under Washington, were among the Highlands, above that city, on the river Hudson. In the spring, a British force was sent to ravage the coast of Virginia. They destroyed every thing in their way—villages, shipping and stores. The Virginians sent to the British general to ask, "what sort of war this was." He replied, that "all rebels must be so treated."

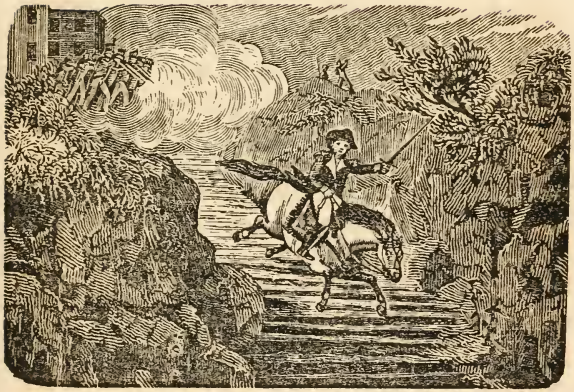
A month or two afterwards, Governor Tryon was sent to commit similar havoc in Connecticut.

Colonel Whiting had mustered the militia at Fairfield. Tryon came to that place, and commanded him to surrender. He gave him an hour for consideration; but, before that time had elapsed, his soldiers set the town on fire, and a great part of it was laid in ashes.

At New Haven, all possible damage was done. The harbor was covered over with feathers, poured out from the beds of the people. Desks, trunks, closets and chests were broken open; the women were robbed of their buckles, rings, bonnets and aprons. East Haven was afterwards burnt, and Norwalk shared a similar fate.

At a place near Stamford, the British came upon General Putnam, who had one hundred and fifty militia-men with him, and two cannon. With these, he kept the enemy at bay for some time. He then ordered the soldiers into a swamp hard by, where the British troopers could not follow; and he himself rode at full gallop down a steep rock behind the meeting-house. Nearly one hundred steps had been hewnin it, like a flight of stairs, for the people to ascend in going to meeting. The troopers stopped at the brink, and dared not follow him. He escaped with a bullet-hole through his hat.

In July, a fleet of thirty-seven small vessels was fitted out from Boston, with fifteen hundred militia on board, under General Wadsworth and General Lovell. The object was, to drive the British from



General Putnam escaping from the British.

the Penobscot river, in Maine, where they had built a fort at a place called Bagaduce then, now Castine. They were near succeeding, when a British fleet appeared off the mouth of the river. They were obliged to leave their vessels, and most of the troops, after some fighting, escaped across the wild lands of Maine, to the settlements on the river Kennebec.

On the Hudson, the Americans were more successful. On the 15th of July, Washington sent General Wayne up the river with twelve hundred men, to attack a strong British fort called Stony Point. At eleven in the evening, Wayne arrived within a mile or two of the fort. The troops were now formed into two columns. Colonel Fleury marched on in front, with one hundred and fifty volunteers, guided by twenty picked men. They marched silently, with unloaded guns and fixed bayonets. A disorderly fellow, who persisted in loading his gun, was run through the body by his captain.

No man was suffered to fire. The fort was defended by a deep swamp, covered with water. The troops marched through it, waist deep. They proceeded with charged bayonets, under a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry from the British, till the two columns met in the centre of the fort. The garrison, six hundred in number, were taken prisoners, with fifteen cannon, and a large quantity of stores. The Americans lost a hundred: sev-

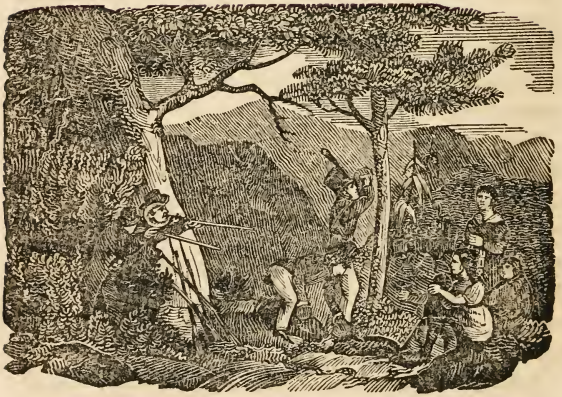
enteen of the twenty picked men, who marched in front, were among the number.

General Lincoln commanded in the Southern Provinces during 1779, the British still holding possession of Savannah. He besieged them there with the help of the French fleet, but was driven off. Prevost, the British general, himself, met with the same bad luck in besieging Charleston, South Carolina. The people resisted him nobly, with some assistance from Lincoln, and the siege was abandoned.

But Prevost ravaged the country, burning and plundering without mercy. The tories joined him, and the negro slaves were hired to serve him as spies and scouts. Peter Francisco, an American trooper, made himself famous at this time. A British plundering dragoon entered a hut in the country, where he happened to be, and ordered him to "deliver up every thing, or die."

"I have nothing to deliver," said Peter, who was unarmed; "do as you please." "Off with those great silver buckles on your shoes, you scoundrel!" said the dragoon. "Take them, if you like," answered Peter; "I will not give them." The soldier stooped to cut them off with his knife, placing his sword under his arm, with the hilt towards Peter. He seized upon it, and struck the dragoon with such force as to sever his head from his body at a single blow.

Sergeant Jasper was another brave fellow, whom



Jasper and Newton rescuing the American prisoners.

I have mentioned before. He once went secretly, with a young friend of his, by the name of Newton, to visit his brother, a soldier at a British fort. As he stayed there a day or two, his brother took him to see some American prisoners, just brought in. They were all hand-cuffed. There was a young woman among the rest, with her husband, and a beautiful little boy, five years old, leaning his head on her bosom, and weeping.

Jasper and Newton were hardly able to bear this. They walked to a wood near by. "I shall not live long," said Jasper. "Why so?" said the other. "Why, the thought of that poor woman haunts me. I shall die, if I do not save them." "That is my mind, exactly," said Newton, grasping Jasper's hand. "Go on, my brave friend; I will stand by you to the last."

After breakfast, the prisoners were sent on towards Savannah, under a guard of ten armed men. The two friends followed them through the woods, but without arms. Thinking they would stop at the Spa, a famous spring two miles from Savannah, they went secretly round to that place, and concealed themselves in the bushes. By and by, the party came up, and the prisoners were suffered to rest at the spring.

Two men kept guard with their muskets, while two more came to the spring for water. The others piled their arms up, and sat down at a distance. The two guards now rested their guns

against a tree, and began drinking from their canteens. "Now's the time," cried Jasper. At the same instant, the two heroes sprang from the bushes, snatched the two muskets, and shot down the two guards.

By this time, two of the soldiers had seized upon their guns. But they were instantly knocked down. Jasper and Newton stood over the pile of guns, and ordered the other six to surrender. They were glad to do so. The American prisoners were now armed, and the hand-cuffs were taken from them, and put upon the British soldiers. The party soon reached the American camp; and never were people so delighted as the poor prisoners. The boy wept again, but with pleasure; and the parents were almost wild with joy.

CHAPTER XXII.

Campaign of 1780. *Story of De Lancey and Moulton. Treason of Arnold. Execution of Andre. Story of Champe. Paper Money. Battle of Camden. Story of Baron de Kalb. Defeat of Major Ferguson.*

During the year 1780, nothing of great consequence was done in the Northern Provinces. The two armies lay near each other, the British being in New York, and the Americans on the Hudson; but no battles were fought.

I will now tell you a story of what happened about this time. It relates to two men, who, before the war, were friends and neighbors. One was named De Lancey, the other Moulton.

When the British troops took New York, and the Americans had retired some distance up the North River, De Lancey joined the British, took a colonel's commission, and raised a regiment of horse, which was called De Lancey's corps. The other took a captain's commission in the American army; and now, feelings of hostility took the place of the former friendship and kindness that subsisted between them.

The British often sent out parties to procure, in whatever way they could, cattle, sheep, &c., for food. On one occasion, such a party had collected a large number of these animals, and succeeded in driving them within the British lines, before they were discovered. The place to which they had conveyed their plunder, was within fifteen or twenty miles of New York, and was considered a place of security. Captain Moulton was one of the most active partisans in the American army, and was often employed in enterprises which required both daring and dexterity.

Being well acquainted with the country, the posts where the British were stationed, and also the place where they had retired with their plunder, he requested and obtained permission to attempt its recapture. In this service, he had about

one hundred men under his command. His plan was, to avoid the British posts, dash upon his prey, take them by surprise, and make his retreat before any alarm could be given. Unless completely successful, the destruction of the whole party seemed inevitable. It was about thirty or forty miles from the head-quarters of the American army to the scene of action, which lay several miles within the enemy's lines.

Captain M. and his party began their march about noon. He ordered several of his men to keep half a mile or more in advance, to guard against surprise. At sunset, they were about ten or fifteen miles from the place where they expected to find the cattle. They rested till midnight, and then set off for the scene of action. They found all still and quiet on their route. When within a mile, they halted, and Captain M. gave directions as to the assault, which he intended to make soon after day-break. He ordered his men not to fire a gun, but told them to rush upon those who guarded the cattle, and kill, or take them prisoners.

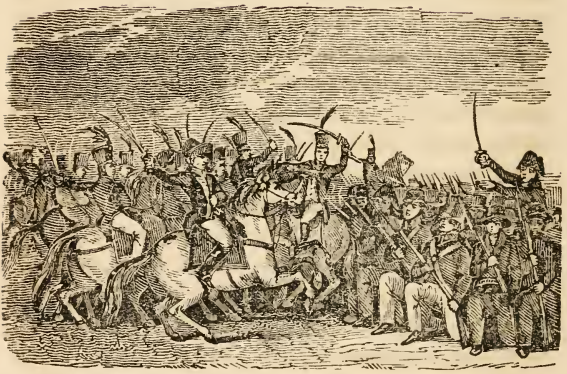
These orders were strictly obeyed, and the surprise was complete. In less than an hour, the cattle were collected, and, with a few prisoners, were on their way to the American camp, under the escort of twenty men, who were directed by Captain M. to push on as fast as possible, until they had passed a large open plain, which lay in

their route. He was to stay with the rest of the party, and destroy the stores which they could not convey away, and was then to follow and endeavor to overtake them, by the time they had crossed the plain.

It was two hours after his first arrival, before Captain M. commenced his return. His situation he knew to be extremely critical. Colonel De Lancey was stationed but ten or twelve miles distant, with his regiment of horse; and he feared he would be upon him before he could join the rest of the party. He had just reached the plain already mentioned, when he heard the tramp of horses, and saw a troop of cavalry coming at full gallop upon him. He ordered his men to push on, hoping to cross the plain before he was overtaken. But he had only reached the middle, when De Lancey and his troop had come very near.

Captain Moulton immediately halted, and formed his men in a hollow square, ordering the front line to kneel on one knee, and present their bayonets, resting the butt-end of the gun on the ground; the others to present theirs over the heads of their comrades. He warned them not to fire a gun, and not to speak; but to be unmoved, firm and steadfast. Scarcely were they thus formed, when the horse, to the number of two or three hundred, came on at full charge, appearing as if they would ride over the little band, and trample them to the earth.

But in vain did their riders urge them to the



Attack on Captain Moulton and his corps.

onset. When within a rod of the bristling bayonets, they recoiled, and, wheeling to the right and left, passed round the corps, and formed for another charge, which was made with like success. They could only bring their horses near enough to clash their swords upon the bayonets, but without reaching the soldiers. A few pistols were fired, but without effect. Colonel De L. then called upon Captain M. to surrender, but received no answer. At length the horsemen wheeled about, and were preparing for a third charge. Captain M. then spoke to De Lancey :—" If you make another assault upon us, I will order twenty balls to be put through your heart, though we are sacrificed the next moment!" De Lancey knew this to be no idle threat. He therefore retired with his men, and left the little patriot band to pursue their march. The next day, they arrived at head-quarters, with their plunder and prisoners.

The most important event of this year, was the treason of General Arnold. He commanded a very strong fort at West Point, sixty miles from New York, on the North River. He undertook to deliver it into the possession of the British.

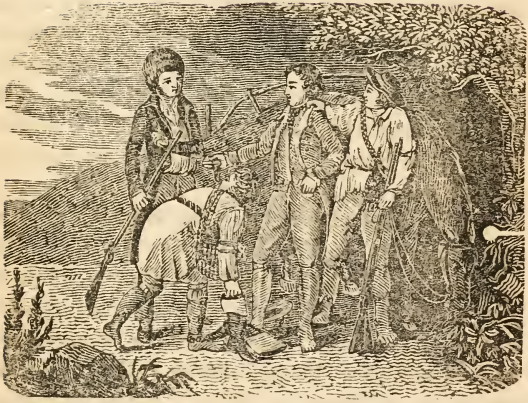
Major Andre, a young British officer, went on shore in the night from a British ship in the river, to arrange the business with Arnold. The two officers met privately at some distance from the fort. Arnold agreed, for a certain sum of money, and other considerations, to surrender the fort, with the

garrison, cannon and ammunition, into the hands of the British commander. In settling the details of this business, Andre was detained till the next day; and then the boatmen refused to carry him back. He had to return by land, and to pass by the American camp, on his way to New York. He was furnished with a horse, and exchanged his uniform for a common coat.

He thought himself already out of danger, when, as he trotted quietly on through the woods, he was stopped by three Americans, who were scouting between the out-posts of the two armies. "Who goes there?" cried the first, seizing his bridle. Andre was frightened, and asked the scout where he belonged. "Below," answered he, meaning New York.

"So do I," said Andre, deceived; "I'm a British officer, in great haste; don't stop me." "Are you, indeed?" said the scouts; "then we'll see about that!" They found his spy-papers in his boots. He offered them his gold watch, horse and purse, if they would release him; but they told him they knew their business too well. He was carried to the camp, and though a brave and accomplished young man, yet he was condemned and hanged, according to the usages of war, as a spy. Even the Americans shed many tears for him. The scouts were handsomely rewarded.

Arnold escaped from West Point in great haste. Andre had contrived to send him notice of his cap-



The persons who have taken Andre, examining him.

ture. He was dining with some of his friends, when the letter came. They saw he was very much agitated. He started up, and looked wild; made an excuse to go out, and they saw nothing more of him. He went to New York, and joined the British army; was paid about fifty thousand dollars, and was appointed a general in the British service, for his intended treason. His name was covered with everlasting shame and disgrace. Even his gallantry and decided military talents were overlooked and forgotten in his infamy. The British themselves despised him. After the war, he went to England, where he lived many years in obscurity and contempt.

The head-quarters of General Washington were at Tappan, on the Hudson, at the time he heard of Arnold's treason. Having taken measures to put the fort in a state of security, he appointed a court-martial, to try Andre. After a very deliberate examination, he was found guilty, and condemned to be hanged as a spy. When the gallant young officer heard that he was condemned to be hanged, he wrote a very pathetic letter to Washington, praying that he might be shot, and die as a soldier, rather than be executed like a felon.

No man had a kinder heart than General Washington; and he would gladly have granted the request of the unfortunate young Englishman. But duty to his country would not permit him to soften the sentence of the law. He was very anxious to

bring Arnold to justice, and imagined that, if he could be taken, Andre might be set free. He resolved to make an attempt to effect these desirable objects, and, having formed his plan, Washington sent to Major Lee to repair to head-quarters, at Tappan. "I have sent for you," said General Washington, "in the expectation that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a delicate and hazardous project. Whoever comes forward will confer great obligations upon me personally, and, in behalf of the United States, I will reward him amply. No time is to be lost; he must proceed, if possible, to-night. I intend to seize Arnold, and save Andre."

Major Lee named a sergeant-major of his corps, by the name of Champe, a native of Virginia, a man full of bone and muscle, with a countenance grave, thoughtful, and taciturn, of tried courage, and inflexible perseverance.

Champe was sent for by Major Lee, and the plan proposed. This was for him to desert; to escape to New York; to appear friendly to the enemy; to watch Arnold, and, upon some fit opportunity, with the assistance of some one whom he could trust, to seize him, and conduct him to a place on the river, appointed, where boats should be in readiness to bear them away.

Champe listened to the plan attentively; but, with the spirit of a man of honor and integrity, replied, "that it was not danger nor difficulty

that deterred him from immediately accepting the proposal, but the *ignominy of desertion*, and the *hypocrisy of enlisting with the enemy*."

To these objections Lee replied, that although he would appear to desert, yet, as he obeyed the call of his commander-in-chief, his departure could not be considered as criminal; and that, if he suffered in reputation for a time, the matter would one day be explained to his credit. As to the second objection, it was urged, that to bring such a man as Arnold to justice, loaded with guilt as he was; and to save Andre, so young, so accomplished, so beloved; to achieve so much good in the cause of his country, was more than sufficient to balance a wrong, existing only in appearance.

The objections of Champe were at length surmounted, and he accepted the service. It was now eleven o'clock at night. With his instructions in his pocket, the sergeant returned to camp; and, taking his cloak, valise and orderly book, drew his horse from the picket, and mounted, putting himself upon fortune.

Scarcely had half an hour elapsed, before Captain Carnes, the officer of the day, waited upon Lee, who was vainly attempting to rest, and informed him, that one of the patrol had fallen in with a dragoon, who, being challenged, put spurs to his horse, and escaped. Lee, hoping to conceal the flight of Champe, or at least to delay pursuit, complained of fatigue, and told the captain that

the patrol had probably mistaken a countryman for a dragoon. Carnes, however, was not thus to be quieted; and he withdrew to assemble his corps. On examination, it was found that Champe was absent. The captain now returned, and acquainted Lee with the discovery, adding, that he had detached a party to pursue the deserter, and begged the major's written orders.

After making as much delay as practicable without exciting suspicion, Lee delivers his orders, in which he directed the party to take Champe, if possible. "Bring him alive," said he, "that he may suffer in the presence of the army; but kill him if he resists, or tries to escape after being taken."

A shower of rain fell soon after Champe's departure, which enabled the pursuing dragoons to take the trail of his horse; his shoes, in common with those of all the horses of the corps, being made in a peculiar form, and each having a private mark, which was to be seen in the path.

Middleton, the leader of the pursuing party, left the camp a few minutes past twelve, so that Champe had the start of but little more than an hour—a period by far shorter than had been contemplated. During the night, the dragoons were often delayed in the necessary halts to examine the road; but, on the coming of morning, the impression of the horse's shoes was so apparent, that they pressed on with rapidity. Some miles above Bergen, a village three miles north of New York, on

the opposite side of the Hudson, on ascending a hill, Champe was seen not more than half a mile distant. Fortunately, Champe descried his pursuers at the same moment, and, conjecturing their object, put spurs to his horse, with the hope of escape.

By taking a different road, Champe was, for a time, lost sight of; but, on approaching the river, he was again perceived. Aware of his danger, he now lashed his valise, containing his clothes and orderly book, to his shoulders, and prepared himself to plunge into the river, if necessary. Swift was his flight, and swift the pursuit. Middleton and his party were within a few hundred yards, when Champe threw himself from his horse, and plunged into the river, calling aloud upon some British galleys, at no great distance, for help. A boat was instantly despatched to the sergeant's assistance, and a fire commenced upon the pursuers. Champe was taken on board, and soon after carried to New York, with a letter from the captain of the galley, stating the past scene, all of which he had witnessed.

The pursuers having recovered the sergeant's horse and cloak, returned to camp, where they arrived about three o'clock the next day. On their appearance with the well known horse, the soldiers made the air resound with the acclamation that the scoundrel was killed. The agony of Lee, for a moment, was past description, lest the faithful,

honorable, intrepid Champe had fallen. But the truth soon relieved his fears, and he repaired to Washington to impart to him the success, thus far, of his plan.

Soon after the arrival of Champe in New York, he was sent to Sir Henry Clinton, who treated him kindly, but detained him more than an hour in asking him questions; to answer some of which, without exciting suspicion, required all the art the sergeant was master of. He succeeded, however, and Sir Henry gave him a couple of guineas, and recommended him to Arnold, who was wishing to procure American recruits. Arnold received him kindly, and proposed to him to join his legion. Champe, however, expressed his wish to retire from war; but assured the general, if he should change his mind, he would enlist.

Champe found means to communicate to Lee an account of his adventures; but, unfortunately, he could not succeed in taking Arnold, as was wished, before the execution of Andre. Ten days before Champe brought his project to a conclusion, Lee received from him his final communication, appointing the third subsequent night for a party of dragoons to meet him at Hoboken, opposite New York, when he hoped to deliver Arnold to the officers.

Champe had enlisted into Arnold's legion, from which time he had every opportunity he could wish, to attend to the habits of the general. He dis-

covered that it was his custom to return home about twelve every night, and that, previously to going to bed, he always visited the garden. During this visit, the conspirators were to seize him, and, being prepared with a gag, they were to apply the same instantly.

Adjoining the house in which Arnold resided, and in which it was designed to seize and gag him, Champe had taken off several fence-palings, and replaced them, so that with ease, and without noise, he could readily open his way to the adjoining alley. Into this alley he intended to convey his prisoner, aided by his companion, one of two associates, who had been introduced by the friend to whom Champe had been originally made known by letter from the commander-in-chief, and with whose aid and counsel he had so far conducted the enterprise. His other associate was with the boat, prepared at one of the wharves on the Hudson River, to receive the party.

Champe and his friend intended to place themselves each under Arnold's shoulder, and thus to bear him, through the most unfrequented alleys and streets, to the boat, representing Arnold, in case of being questioned, as a drunken soldier, whom they were conveying to the guard-house.

When arrived at the boat, the difficulties would be all surmounted, there being no danger nor obstacle in passing to the Jersey shore. These particulars, as soon as made known to Lee, were commu-

nicated to the commander-in-chief, who was highly gratified with the much desired intelligence. He requested Major Lee to meet Champe, and to take care that Arnold should not be hurt.

The day arrived, and Lee, with a party of accoutred horses,—one for Arnold, one for the sergeant, and the third for his associate, who was to assist in securing Arnold,—left the camp, never doubting the success of the enterprise, from the tenor of the last received communication. The party reached Hoboken about midnight, where they were concealed in the adjoining wood; Lee, with three dragoons, stationing himself near the shore of the river. Hour after hour passed, but no boat approached.

At length the day broke, and the major retired to his party, and, with his led horses, returned to the camp, where he proceeded to head-quarters, to inform the general of the much lamented disappointment, as mortifying as it was inexplicable. Washington, having perused Champe's plan and communication, had indulged the presumption, that at length the object of his keen and constant pursuit was sure of execution, and did not dissemble the joy which such a conviction produced. He was chagrined at the issue, and apprehended that his faithful sergeant must have been detected in the last scene of his tedious and difficult enterprise.

In a few days, Lee received an anonymous letter from Champe's patron and friend, informing him.

that on the day preceding the night fixed for the execution of the plot, Arnold had removed his quarters to another part of the town, to superintend the embarkation of troops, preparing, as was rumored, for an expedition to be directed by himself; and that the American legion, consisting chiefly of American deserters, had been transferred from their barracks to one of the transports, it being apprehended that, if left on shore until the expedition was ready, many of them might desert.

Thus it happened, that John Champe, instead of crossing the Hudson that night, was safely deposited on board one of the fleet of transports, from whence he never departed, until the troops under Arnold landed in Virginia. Nor was he able to escape from the British army until after the junction of Lord Cornwallis at Petersburg, when he deserted; and, proceeding high up into Virginia, he passed into North Carolina, and, keeping in the friendly districts of that state, safely joined the army soon after it had passed the Congaree, in pursuit of Lord Rawdon.

His appearance excited extreme surprise among his former comrades, which was not a little increased, when they saw the cordial reception he met with from the late Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Lee. His whole story was soon known to the corps, which re-produced the love and respect of officers and soldiers, heretofore invariably entertained for the sergeant, heightened by universal

admiration of his late daring and arduous attempt.

Champe was introduced to General Greene, who very cheerfully complied with the promise made by the commander-in-chief, so far as in his power; and, having provided the sergeant with a good horse, and money for his journey, sent him to General Washington, who munificently anticipated every desire of the sergeant, and presented him with a discharge from further service, lest he might, in the vicissitudes of war, fall into the hands of the enemy, when, if recognised, he was sure to die on a gibbet.

I shall only add, respecting the after life of this interesting adventurer, that, when General Washington was called by President Adams, in 1798, to the command of the army, prepared to defend the country against French hostility, he sent to Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, to inquire for Champe; being determined to bring him into the field at the head of a company of infantry. Lee sent to Loudon county, Virginia, where Champe settled after his discharge from the army; when he learned that the gallant soldier had removed to Kentucky, where he soon after died.

We must now return to our history. Congress continued to make great efforts to supply the army, though the paper money they had issued was worth so little, that a soldier would give forty of these dollars for a breakfast, and a

colonel's pay would hardly find oats for his horse. The merchants of Philadelphia raised a large sum of better money, however, and sent it to the army. The ladies of that city furnished a large quantity of clothing.

But the British, all this time, were overrunning the two Carolinas. They had taken Charleston on the 11th of May, 1780, after a long siege, and a brave defence by General Lincoln.

I recollect to have heard a story of General Lincoln, during this siege. I heard it told by one of his aid-de-camps. The latter was a young man, and he was sleeping in a room adjoining that of Lincoln. It was about day-break, and already the British cannon shook the city with their roar. Oppressed with care and anxiety, Lincoln had spent a sleepless night. He entered the aid-de-camp's room to wake him, but he seemed peacefully sleeping on his pillow. He was, indeed, asleep, but waked at the moment, and observed the care-worn countenance of the general lighted with a beam of pleasure, as he said to himself, in a low tone, "Happy period of youth, how sweet is thy slumber! Alas!" said he, his countenance changing, "how different will he find the period of more advanced years!"

General Gates was soon after sent to take command of the southern army. He was joined by hundreds of the Carolina militia. Congress sent him some fine Maryland and Delaware troops also

They had a very long and hard march through the woods, finding nothing to eat on the way, but peaches and green corn, with now and then a flock of wild turkeys, or a drove of wild hogs. But they were brave men, and did not murmur. They even joked each other on account of their thin faces, and lank legs.

A battle took place on the 16th of August, near Camden, South Carolina, between Gates and the British under Lord Cornwallis. The former was defeated, and fled eighty miles into the back country. The lean, northern soldiers we have just mentioned, fought nobly an hour after all the rest had been routed like an army of sheep. The brave Baron De Kalb was wounded in eleven places. He fell from his horse, and died in the hands of the British. He was a Frenchman, and sent his compliments, in his last moments, to "his gallant Maryland and Delaware soldiers."

Generals Marion and Sumpter gave the British great trouble during this campaign. Small parties of the mountain militia joined them, and they swept down upon the enemy, wherever they could find them in small parties. The farmers' wives furnished them pewter spoons and platters, to make into bullets; and they forged swords of scythes and the saws of saw-mills.

In October, sixteen hundred of these mountaineers mustered together to attack a British force under Major Ferguson, who had encamped not far

from the mountains. For weeks, they had no salt, bread, or spirits; they slept upon boughs of trees, without blankets, drank only from the running streams, and lived upon wild game, or ears of corn, and pumpkins, roasted by their great log-fires in the woods.

They were to assault Ferguson in three parties, and Colonel Cleaveland addressed his party in these words: "My brave boys, we have beat the red-coats and the tories, and we can beat them again. They are all cowards. You must fight, each man for himself, without orders. Fire as quick as you can, and stand as long as you can. If you must retreat, get behind the trees—don't run, my fine fellows, don't run!" "Hurrah for the mountaineers!" cried they, and rushed down upon the enemy.

The Americans were driven back at the point of the bayonet; but they only lay down among the logs and rocks, and, being sharp-shooters, killed more than two hundred of the enemy. Ferguson was killed himself, and eight hundred of his soldiers surrendered. Ten of the most savage tories, notorious rascals, were hung up on the neighboring trees.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Last Year of the War. Battle of the Cowpens. Emily Geiger. Battle of Guilford. Anecdote. Battle of Eutaw Springs. Anecdotes. Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Close of the War. Conclusion.

With the year 1781, on which we now enter, the war drew rapidly toward a close. It was carried on almost entirely in the Southern Provinces. General Greene was appointed to command the American forces in that quarter. At the time of his arrival, they were a miserable, half-starved militia, of three thousand men. They marked the frozen ground with the blood of their bare feet, and lived half the time upon frogs, taken from the swamps, wild game, rice, and wretchedly lean cattle.

But they were soon reinforced; and small parties, under Sumpter, Marion, Morgan, and others, often annoyed the forces of Cornwallis. Colonel Washington laid siege to a strong block-house near Camden, defended by a British colonel, and a hundred tories. He had no cannon, and few men; but he carved out a few pine logs in the shape of cannon, mounted them on wheels, and summoned the tories to surrender. They were frightened at the appearance of his big cannon, and surrendered. Not a shot was fired upon either side.

On the 17th of January, Colonel Morgan, with

eight hundred militia, was attacked at a place called the Cowpens, in South Carolina, by Tarleton, a famous British officer, with eleven hundred men and two cannon. The enemy rushed on with a tremendous shout. The front line of militia were driven back. Tarleton pursued them, at full gallop, with his troopers, and fell upon the second line. They too were giving way.

At this moment, Colonel Washington charged Tarleton with forty-five militia-men, mounted, and armed as troopers. The whole line now rallied under Colonel Howard, and advanced with fixed bayonets. The British fled. Their cannon were left behind; three hundred British soldiers were killed and wounded, and five hundred were taken prisoners; eight hundred muskets, seventy negroes, and one hundred dragoon horses, also fell into the hands of the Americans. Many British officers were killed. Morgan always told his sharp-shooters "to aim at the epaulettes, and not at the poor rascals who fought for sixpence a day."

General Greene was now driven back, by Cornwallis, into North Carolina. The latter pursued him through the Province, over mountains and swamps, and arrived at the river Dan, just as Greene had crossed it. Cornwallis now found it necessary to turn about; and so he marched back, and Greene soon followed him with new forces.

Sumpter joined him at Orangeburg, having received orders to do so during his hasty retreat

before the enemy. It seems Greene could find no man in his army who would carry the message to Sumpter. A country girl, named Emily Geiger, at last offered her services, and was sent. She was taken by the British, and confined for the purpose of being searched. She, however, ate up the letter which she carried, piece by piece. They released her, to go home, as they supposed; but she took a roundabout way, reached Sumpter's camp safely and delivered her message, in her own words.

The Americans were defeated near Guilford court-house on the 15th of March. But Cornwallis retreated soon after. He had suffered great loss, and his army was small. A militia colonel cried out in this battle, as the British were marching up, "They will surround us." He was frightened himself, and frightened his soldiers so much, that they gave way, while the enemy were one hundred and forty yards distant.

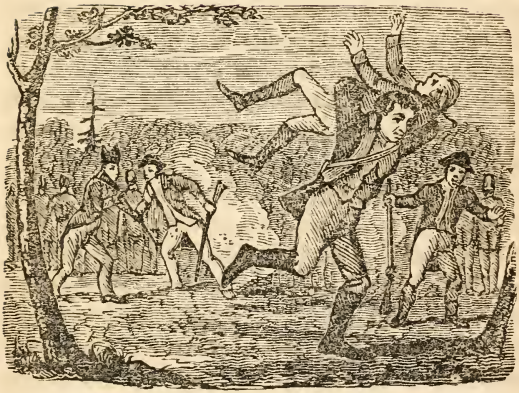
Colonel Washington, at the head of his troopers, nearly captured Cornwallis in this battle. He was just rushing upon the British general, when his cap fell from his head. As he leaped to the ground for it, the leading American officer behind him was shot through the body, and rendered unable to manage his horse. The animal wheeled round, and galloped off with his rider; and the troop, supposing it was Washington's order, wheeled about also, and rode off at full speed.

Fort Watson, between Camden and Charleston

surrendered, in April, with 114 men, to General Marion. The fort was built on a mound of earth thirty feet high; but Marion, with his mountaineers, had raised a work which overlooked it in such a manner, that not a man in the fort could show his head over the parapets, or scarcely point his musket through a hole in the walls, but the riflemen above would shoot him. Greene was again defeated at Camden, on the 25th of April, by nine hundred English, under Lord Rawdon.

But in a month or two, the British lost six forts, and that of Augusta was among them. Here there were three hundred men, as a garrison, who almost buried themselves under ground, while the Americans were building up batteries within thirty yards, which swept the fort through and through. Greene and all his officers, and all his men, fought nobly the whole season. "I will recover the Province," said the general, "or die in the attempt." It is remarkable, that although his force was much inferior to that of Cornwallis, and though he was frequently defeated, yet, by his admirable manœuvres, the result of the campaign was entirely favorable to the Americans, and injurious to the British.

Greene attacked the enemy at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, and completely defeated them, killing and capturing eleven hundred of their best soldiers. In pursuing the enemy, one Manning found him selfsurrounded by them. He seized upon a small British officer; and, being himself a stout



Manning escaping with the little British officer.

man, placed him on his shoulders, and retreated, the English not daring to fire at him. The little officer was horribly frightened, but Manning took good care of him.

The war was closed by the capture of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on York River, Virginia. He had left Carolina, and now expected to overrun Virginia. But in September, the Americans and French, under Washington, surrounded him from all quarters, on the land; while the French fleet, riding in Chesapeake Bay, blocked up the mouths of the rivers, and kept the English fleet from coming in.

It was impossible for Clinton, with all his forces at New York, to reinforce Cornwallis. Washington had kept him in fear all summer, and made him believe, till the last moment, that he was to be besieged in New York. It was not till August 24th, that Washington left his camp on the Hudson, and marched through New Jersey and Pennsylvania, to the head of the Chesapeake. The French Admiral De Grasse, who had just arrived, carried the American forces down the bay to Yorktown.

The army passed through Philadelphia, on this march, in the most splendid style. The line was more than two miles long. The streets were crowded with spectators; and the windows, to the highest stories, were filled with ladies, waving their handkerchiefs, as the gallant troops passed by. It was a magnificent spectacle. There was Wash

ington, with all his generals; the French Count Rochambeau, with all his; General Knox, with one hundred fine cannon; and the whole army, pressing on with proud steps and a noble confidence. The music was beautiful; every body thought they would conquer; and, just at this time, news came, that the French fleet had arrived in the Chesapeake. The city rang with the shouts of the immense multitude.

By the 7th of October, Cornwallis was completely besieged. He had raised entrenchments; but the allied army, the Americans and French, had erected breast-works all about him, circle after circle, and now opened a battery of one hundred cannon. They fired day and night. The roar was terrible. The ground, for miles, shook with it; and the bombs and shells were seen whirling and crossing each other in the dark sky, and blazing like comets.

If they fell upon the ground, it was torn up for a rod around, and dozens were killed when they burst. The bombs sometimes went over the heads of the enemy, and fell among the British vessels in the harbor, near the British works at Gloucester Point, on the other side of the river. The water spouted in columns as they fell.

One night, an attack was made upon two redoubts, which the British had built out so far, that they stood in the way of some American works just building around them. The French were ordered to

take one redoubt, and the Americans, under Lafayette, the other. The two parties tried to out-do each other. Lafayette carried his redoubt first, however, and sent his aid-de-camp to the leader of the French party, through all the fire of the batteries, to tell him he was in. "So will I be," said the Frenchman, "in five minutes;" and he performed his promise.

Cornwallis surrendered on the 19th. His army, of about seven thousand men, marched out, at two o'clock, and passed between the American line on one side, and the French on the other, stretched out for more than a mile. They were all dressed in their most splendid uniforms, with fine music, and colors flying. The English marched, carrying their colors bound up, with a slow and solemn step.

The English general rode up to Washington, at the head of the line, and excused the absence of Cornwallis, who pretended to be sick. Washington pointed him politely to General Lincoln, and the latter directed him to a large field, where the whole British army laid down their arms, and were led away prisoners.

No man distinguished himself more, during this siege, than Lafayette, a noble young Frenchman, whom my readers have, no doubt, heard of. He had before fought bravely for the American cause.

After this capture, the English gave up all hopes of success. No fighting of any consequence took place, after this, upon the land.

The British troops were wholly withdrawn from the United States of America in the following season. The terms of peace with England were settled by the British and American ambassadors at Paris, in November, 1782.

The 3d of November, 1783, was fixed upon by Congress for the final disbanding of the American army. On the day previous, Washington issued his farewell orders, and bade an affectionate adieu to the soldiers who had fought with him in the great struggle, which was now over.

Soon after taking leave of the army, General Washington was called to the still more painful hour of separation from his officers, greatly endeared to him by a long series of common sufferings and dangers.

The officers, having previously assembled in New York for the purpose, General Washington now joined them, and, calling for a glass of wine, thus addressed them: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take my leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy, as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

Having thus affectionately addressed them, he took each by the hand, and bade him farewell. Followed by them to the side of the Hudson, he entered a barge, and, while tears flowed down his cheeks, he turned towards the companions of his glory, and bade them a silent adieu.

Thus ended the AMERICAN REVOLUTION; an event which not only secured the liberties of the inhabitants of this country, but one that has had an important influence even in Europe. The example of a people successfully struggling against tyranny, has stimulated other nations to similar efforts; and the ill success of the British king, in his attempts to enslave America, has taught kings and princes the danger of trespassing too far upon the rights of mankind.